

Collier's

Household Number for April



"The Grey Domino"

FRANK X. LEYENDECKER.

VOL XXX NO 26

MARCH 28 1903

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P. F. COLLIER & SON, PUBLISHERS

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Household Number for April

With Supplement: Portrait of President Roosevelt by John S. Sargent

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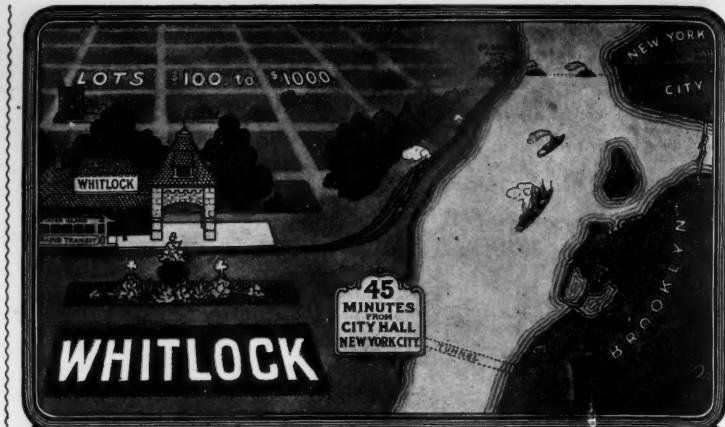
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HOUSEHOLD NUMBER FOR APRIL



"PENSÉES D'AVRIL"

FROM A DRY-POINT ETCHING BY PAUL HELLEU



THE QUESTION OF GOVERNMENT OWNERSHIP has come up in acute form in New York City. The Mayor of that large town is a person of most conservative mind who believes that he is living in the best possible world and that the right of private ownership is probably traceable to a divine origin. Yet even Mr. Low has not been so bewildered by the fear that a community can never do anything for itself, as not to see the folly of paying about half as much more for street lighting as it would cost under the most improvident public ownership. He has gone to the length of advocating that the city build and operate its own electric plant and has been able to cite instances of public ownership of similar plants in other cities which have greatly benefited the public treasury. The officials of the Gas Company which has been gouging New York for years offer the objection to the Mayor's plan that the examples of public ownership which he cites have not been "profitable." That is, they have paid no dividends. But that

PUBLIC OWNERSHIP
is exactly the point in favor of public ownership of these plants. The difference between the cost of producing the electric light and the charge to the public, which now finds its way into enormous dividends for the stockholders, would, if the city owned the plant, be returned to the public in part at least. The argument is almost too familiar to deserve repetition. But we believe it to be a fact susceptible of demonstration that with all the criminal waste that goes on in public offices, the cities that are lighted and supplied with water by the city government pay less than cities that rely for their supplies on private corporations and are better served generally. We think the time will come when people will read with amazement of communities that paid companies to light their streets and control their water supplies just as we look back with wonder on the distribution of letters by express companies.

A CLOUD OF LABOR TROUBLES HANGS over the country and forebodes a stormy spring and summer. The Wabash Railway Company is quarrelling with its employés. At the time of writing the employés of one of the great railway lines of New York and New England are threatening to go out. The strike of the street railway employés of Waterbury, Connecticut, having been attended by the usual irritating features of violence by the strikers and an arbitrary use of the power of injunction by the courts, now promises to develop into a broad struggle between the unions and the street railway companies affiliated with the Waterbury corporation. There are scores of smaller strikes and lockouts in other parts of the country and the weatherwise in these matters are hoisting storm signals. In short, the air is full of the portents that usually precede a great clash of capital and labor. The time unhappily seems ripe for such a misfortune. The period of inflation is at an end and the great corporations of the country are unable to increase their expenses without seriously injuring their high-priced stocks and bonds for which they have fixed dividends and interest based upon past revenue and expenditures. The workingmen after

THE THREATENING STORM
a long stretch of steady work are well organized and they feel that they have not had a just share of the country's prosperity. The prices of the necessities of life have increased. A profound social antagonism between employers and employés has grown up and finds expression in such campaigns against labor unions as the one undertaken by the President of the Wabash Railway. All these things are as easily explained as the origin of atmospheric disturbances, but the resultant hurricane is none the less disastrous because nearly every weather observer can tell whence it sprang. It is a mournful commentary upon human wisdom, that with all the general knowledge of the sources of these industrial disasters the American public is as powerless to avert them as the shipowner is to avert the tornado which the Weather Bureau has told him is starting from the West Indies. Like the superstitious mariners, the public can only pray to the blind forces behind the whirlwind and hope that the storm will blow over.

THERE ARE SOME FAINT SIGNS OF A WANING in the epidemic of advice on how to succeed. It is futile enough, as a rule, for one man to give advice to another in a particular case when his advice has been sought and when he knows all the main facts. But what an utter waste of time for one man to advise an infinitely large and wholly unknown audience of all ages, conditions and aptitudes. And upon such a subject as success! What is

THE ART OF SUCCESS
"success"? Does anybody know? Can anybody tell? Is it to earn ten million dollars and lose friends, family life and health? Is it to become President or Senator and lose manly self-respect by truckling to bosses, lying about one's real views on every important question and making one's self a mere voting machine to register the will of an interest or a combination of interests in control of the campaign committee and therefore of the party? Is it to write a book to catch the crowd—a book one must apologize

for to all one's acquaintances? Or is it merely to keep one's self-respect, to work conscientiously at the task in hand and to care not a rap for consequences? When Shakespeare made Wolsey say "Fling away ambition," he was expressing something more than the bitterness of a soured and stricken statesman. Whenever a man entertains an ambition beyond the development of his own intellect and character, doesn't he mount himself upon a steed that has never yet been broken to bridle?

WHAT THE DEVOURERS OF ADVICE ON SUCCESS are really seeking is something they can never find—how to succeed without work. At bottom all the envy of the well-to-do in the bosoms of the not-well-to-do is based upon hatred of work. The rich man is not envied for his cares, for his responsibilities; the facts that he has to work and to worry without ceasing, that he never has a thought free from responsibility of some sort, are absolutely ignored. All the envier thinks is, "That fellow doesn't have to work." And it is impossible to convince him that he is mistaken just as it is impossible to convince the average human being that he would not and could not endure it to change places with the King of England and Emperor of India unless he had been bred from childhood to the dull and rigid strait-jacket life of royalty. It is easy to reason men into a belief in the multiplication table and the law of gravitation. The impossible begins when one seeks to demonstrate the propositions about life that are "plain as the nose on your face." There isn't room for doubt that the only escape from wretchedness in this world is through work, plenty of hard work, and that to induce any man to work there must be compulsion—compulsion of responsibility or compulsion of necessity. Yet who believe it in the bottom of their hearts? Not many.

THE BELIEF IN WORK

IT IS OFTEN SAID, AND WE HOPE TRULY, that love as treated in fiction is a far more important and engrossing factor than in actual life. It gets the centre of the stage too often. It takes up too much of the hero's time and thought. The matters of eating, drinking, digestion, money-making, not to mention other concerns, have to be looked after, and they are seldom slighted, save by the very young. Not so would it appear in the novels, especially the novels written by women—and are not these the greater number? There all is love, and love, and yet again, love. Mesdames, do you ever reflect how cruelly you take up the young man's time—how little you leave him for the remaining business of life? Of the young woman we can not presume to speak with certainty, but it is at least to be hoped (as the newspapers say) that even she occasionally finds some other profitable thing to do. If not—and the lady novelists ought to know—then we think such love-making a rather bad preparation for the sober business of matrimony. There is even a worse phase of the love element which women writers are especially fond of lugging into their fiction. It is that which, not to adopt the manner of too-plain speaking, deals with unlawful passion between the sexes. The most talked-of novel of the moment has this for its vital motive. It is the work of an elderly woman who is possessed of great literary ability. But no amount of literary ability can redeem such a novel wherein naive passions of a young girl are exhibited with the frankest naturalism. A woman may do this repugnant thing, we suppose, because it is taken for granted that she knows what she is writing about. But why is the exhibition made, if not to call forth a prurient interest in the public? Nobody pretends that the story conveys a moral lesson—that theory of fiction has been hooted out of court. It simply pretends to describe certain conditions that are possible or probable in a given social environment. If true, the truth is repulsive, and though it makes a novel that sells, it should not have been told—not, at least, by a woman. The story could have been told by a man with as much art—if art be at all involved in the discussion; would surely have been told by a man, we believe, with far less indecency. No wonder such writers as Stevenson and Kipling seldom intrude upon the chosen province of the "lady" novelist.

LOVE IN FICTION

WHEN THE PEOPLE WERE STIRRED BY the Isthmian Canal question, Washington was unmoved. Now that Washington is stirred, the people are unmoved. Why? Because they think they are about to get what they clamored for? Or, because they have lost interest in the Isthmian Canal along with all the other grand—and grandiose—questions that were to lift us from our vulgar "parochial" condition of minding our own business into a first-class world-meddler and international gadabout? When work is actually started, when the first cupful is lifted from the roaring Chagres or the first spadeful of mould is turned from the fast-decaying works of the French company, perhaps public interest will revive for a moment. And it will probably flame again at each uncovering of the inevitable scandals that accompany that sort of government enterprise. But there's not a cheer nor a vote in the canal

PANAMA AND THE PEOPLE



business. Its only political possibilities are in the direction of disaster—in the event of a squall or a tempest striking the spread and swelling sails of the national prosperity. If the water begins to flow out of our combines and threatens to drown the people, they will think soberly and angrily on all kinds of public expenditures, not overlooking the two-hundred-million-dollar Panama "bagatelle." There may be sound reasons for anticipating the demands of a now practically nonexistent trade by building the canal. But it was not reason but sentiment that moved the people to urge on the enterprise several years ago. And in the reaction not reason but sentiment will rule reversed public opinion. In a republic the politician who lets the future and its questions alone, and builds only for the next election, is the true statesman. The people don't fancy these far-sighted fellows, these seers of statecraft, especially when they begin to fling the substance of to-day's money after the shadow of to-morrow's dreams.

IT WILL BE INTERESTING—AND, LET US HOPE, edifying—I to watch the course of "English justice" in the matter of Whittaker Wright, who blew the gigantic London & Globe bubble with the assistance of divers and sundry lords and honorables and perhaps a royalty or so. All the sins of the London & Globe were loaded upon Wright—a nobody from nowhere and therefore an ideal scapegoat—and he was permitted to wander away into the wilderness. Some disrespectful shareholders, so angered by their losses that they forgot their duty to the upper classes, have moved to bring the scapegoat back to England, where it may be unloaded or may unload itself of at least a part of its burden of sins. This unless "English justice" shall interfere as it usually does. For—let the satirical note it and be silent—England is not a democracy but an aristocracy, and the paramount consideration for "English justice" is always that the "lower classes" shall not lose

BRITISH JUSTICE
faith in the divinely appointed "upper classes" which they so dutifully and reverentially carry upon their shoulders. There is nothing in civilization more ludicrous than the looks and speeches of English upper and upper-middle class men in praise of their own benevolence to each other, with the vast mass of the people utterly ignored—nothing, unless it be the chorus of praise for the English democracy from this side of the Atlantic, where the real England is absolutely unknown. Opinions of American travellers on England are about as accurate and valuable as was the opinion of that German count who, after an exhaustive study of the palaces in Fifth Avenue, returned home with the news that "all the Americans have money to throw at the birds."

THIS INQUEST" ON ROBERT BURNS was concluded long ago, but from time to time the findings are reviewed by critical writers, as in a recent symposium. A curious result thus chances. From every such inquisition the poet emerges the more radiant and triumphal—the critics are lost in the splendor they have evoked. It is one thing to make literature; it is another and quite different thing to write about literature and the makers thereof. This is a truism, and yet the distinction is often confused, especially by the writers of criticism. Burns has survived several generations of critics, many of whom made a vain bid for remembrance by their praise or dispraise of him. The vitality of his fame is one of the great facts of our literature. There are few more memorable and striking figures in the pantheon of poets. Something of his fame is doubtless due to his position as the unchallenged popular idol of Scotland. Something, but not so much as the Philistines would have us believe.

THE VERDICT ON BURNS
It might not be difficult to prove that Burns suffers somewhat from the extravagant eulogy and almost worship of his compatriots. In certain quarters, we suspect, he is loved and admired not because of, but in spite of, his apotheosis among the Scotch. It has been said that Burns was an Irishman born by mistake in Scotland. However this may be, we fear his fame would not be so high had his nativity been cast in the Green Isle. The Scotch have sacrificed many minor and even a few considerable poets to the star of Burns. This may be good literary economy, but it never has been and never will be in favor among the Irish, who are always impatient of any one man's pre-eminence. So Burns was born right for his fame, after all. And perhaps for his temperament also, which gets him a scolding from his latest as from his earliest critics. Herein the poet has anticipated the censors with a noble and touching confession of his frailty, which we may well hold to be the last word on the subject:

"The poor inhabitant below
Was quick to learn, and wise to know,
And keenly felt the friendly glow
And softer flame,
But thoughtless follies laid him low,
And stained his name!"

A MEMBER OF THE HARVARD FACULTY who has been connected with the athletic committee of the university has caused a great deal of discussion by suggesting the advisability of discontinuing

ing the annual Harvard-Yale football game. The reasons he gives are that the contest has become too exciting both to undergraduates and graduates, that it upsets the serious work of the students and creates unworthy antagonism between the universities, and that football as it is now played is too dangerous to life and limb. Of course these statements have been disputed and Mr. Hollis has been widely denounced as a spoil-sport, but we think the general opinion of the country is that the time has arrived for the university authorities to take action in this matter. The game of football long ago ceased to be a form of healthful recreation. At present it is a source of unwholesome rivalry to the students and a spectacle of uncivilized ferocity to the general public. Merely as a spectacle it has lost nearly all the features that appeal to a healthy love of sport. If the spectator were unaware of the depth and intensity of the rivalry it is doubtful whether he could see anything properly amusing in the pushing and slugging that carries the ball down the field. But that is beside the question. The chief complaint we have to make against intercollegiate football relates to its effect beyond the walls of the university. Rugby football will always be played by small colleges and schools as it is played in the great universities. Harvard and Yale practically dictate the rules for the country. If they play fiercely, encourage crushing "formations" and minimize the rewards of agility and presence of mind, the small fry will follow their example. Their well-trained men may be temporarily disabled by a play which will kill a half-grown youth. The rushing that knocks the breath out of a Harvard centre may knock the life out of a high-school boy. No one in the great universities has been killed or crippled by the brutal plays now practiced, but year by year the list of fatalities among the teams of the small colleges and schools grows. As we have said once before, the athletic committees of the universities are the stewards of the game in this country, and it is their duty either to abolish the contests or to so modify the rules that the sport will cease to be dangerous to the lives of the players. It is time the faculties took the decision out of the hands of the impulsive politicians of athletics among the undergraduates and the conservative statesmen among the graduate coaches and gave this matter the treatment which its public importance demands.

THE CASE AGAINST FOOTBALL

NOw THAT DOCTOR CONAN DOYLE HAS popularized Edgar Allan Poe's system for solving crime-mysteries without leaving your easy-chair, the wonder is that any criminal who takes the precaution of leaving the scene of his crime before the police arrive is ever caught. New York used to have a very clever criminal-catcher in the person of "Inspector" Byrnes. He gave out the stories of his successes to the newspaper reporters in somewhat the Sherlock Holmes form, but he was far too clever to do the actual work in that way. Now, however, all our detectives pattern on Doctor Doyle's popularization of Monsieur Dupin. They arrive with a theory; they take measurements, search for cigar ashes and nail scratches and proofs that the criminal was right-handed, had two arms and two legs, a head and a body, at least one eye and enough fingers to clutch a weapon. Having collected these valuable "data," they are ready for the newspaper reporters. Fortunately for us all, stupid and fond of posing though our Sherlock Holmeses are, the criminals are still stupider. Some day somebody will expose this fundamental fact of criminology in a way that will convince public opinion. Then we shall lose our Sherlock Holmeses—and catch our criminals.

CRIME AND DETECTION

JOHN BURROUGHS HAS DONE SOME SUCH valuable work as this in the matter of the intelligence of the lower animals. Until recently no one in the civilized world had ever seriously credited any of the lower animals with human intelligence. Charming stories of reasoning animals were told, but they were told as pure fictions. Within perhaps half a century, probably through the discovery of the kinship of man and the lower animals and the resulting greater interest in the lower animals, the teller of "true" stories of intelligent lower animals has arisen, has grown bold, has become that most unblushing of liars—the liar who believes his own lies. John Burroughs, a lifelong student of animals and birds, and a perfectly sane and truthful lover of them, apparently at last lost the patience whereof his gentle and beautiful manly nature has an almost inexhaustible fund. His rebuke to the liar about beast and bird who attributes to them not merely human but superhuman intelligence is sharp and ought to be sufficient. The romancer is a useful and an attractive person, so long as he keeps to his sphere of pure fancy. But when he poses as a historian and disseminates falsehoods about natural history with his "Bible oath" attached, he becomes more than ridiculous. He becomes an obliterator of the none too clear line between the true and the false. And he encourages the instinct for lying and swearing to it that is—pretty nearly universal, the judges and the lawyers say.

MEN AND ANIMALS



MEN AND DOINGS : A Paragraphic Record of the World's News

RELIGIOUS FREEDOM IN RUSSIA will become an established fact if his Majesty the Czar has his way. As Nicholas II. is a personage whose word carries some weight throughout the Russias, Ivan Ivanovich and his 140,000,000 little fathers may select each according to his preference, his place, mode and object of worship, without let or hindrance, so long as he keeps the peace. This most important decree of the Emperor was made public March 12. It affects the entire Slavic people. The ukase was issued in commemoration of the anniversary of the birthday of Alexander III. ostensibly. It may have been influenced by recent outbreaks of students and workmen rendered desperate by the goading of official despotism. Opposition by the reactionary party under leadership of the Minister of the Interior, M. Plehwe, may frustrate immediate realization of the Czar's amiable intentions, but the Imperial reformer has an efficient lie-

tenant in M. Witte, the Finance Minister, a statesman of progressive and up-to-date ideas. The decree does not remove restrictions on the Russian press, but, incidentally, the ukase will release the revolutionary novelist, Tolstoi, from the ban of excommunication. In the Czar's domains are about 80,000,000 Orthodox Greeks Catholics, 10,000,000 Roman Catholics, 6,000,000 Protestants, 14,000,000 Mohammedans and 5,000,000 Hebrews, besides a multitude of lesser divisions long as the denominational lists of the eminent French statistician, M. Fournier de Flax. In England the ukase is referred to as an "Imperial Magna Charta."

A BEECHER SHRINE in the shape of a public memorial is to be erected by the friends and admirers of the great Brooklyn preacher and become the property of the nation. On Sunday, March 8—the 16th anniversary of Mr. Beecher's death—at the Brooklyn Academy of Music former President Cleveland, Justice Brewer, Mayor Low of New York, and other prominent men addressed an immense gathering. Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis, the present pastor of Plymouth, read part of a sermon delivered by Mr. Beecher in 1884 in which, speaking of Jacob's dying wish to be buried beside his fathers, Mr. Beecher expressed his desire to be buried in the place where he had done his work. It is hoped that Mr. Beecher's body will be transferred to a park to be devoted to the purpose of the memorial by the city. The memorial is to belong to all people, Catholic, Protestant, Jew and Gentile, and will contain manuscripts, relics and paintings of historical events. A committee will receive money and will associate the names of the donors with windows and paintings. One woman contributed \$10,000, and the movement started with a fund of \$20,000.

THE COMING OF DR. MUELLER, following close upon the visit of Dr. Lorenz, will prove a boon to many afflicted children of America. Dr. Mueller accompanied Dr. Lorenz, the famous Vienna professor of orthopedic surgery, to this country last winter. The latter, it will be recalled, was induced to come over by Philip Armour, of Chicago, to treat his grandchild for congenital hip disease, and during his visit operated upon hundreds of crippled children. The purpose of Dr. Friedrich Mueller's visit is to continue the treatment which was begun by Dr. Lorenz. He will stay until he has brought little Lolita Armour to perfect health, and possibly may make his home in Chicago. During his short stay in New York before leaving for the West, he made arrangements to open free clinics and treat as many patients as possible by the now well-known "bloodless" method. On the 14th, he operated on a number of patients at Beth Israel Hospital. The hospitals vied in bidding for the Vienna surgeon's services.



Dr. Mueller Operating at Beth Israel Hospital

THE ST. LOUIS EXPOSITION will have no cause to complain of its managing director if the big show does not prove a success. President Francis has spent several months abroad hobnobbing with princes and captains of industry, and has fairly boomed the international movement in England to the tune of over a quarter of a million. From the King down, Englishmen are greatly interested in Exposition matters, and to be well represented is the cry of the press, and seems to be the determination of the people. In France, particularly in the capital, the art exhibit appeals strongly to display-loving Parisians, and in this line and in textile exhibits the Republic will be in evidence. Nor will the enterprising Kaiser be far behind. The Prussian Diet appropriated \$25,000 for an educational exhibit, as a starter, and in addition, Director Francis may have all the King's horses and all the King's men, all toggled out in their Sunday best, if he desires them for decorative purposes, or to fill his gorgeous palaces, whenever they are ready for occupancy. March 18 the Reichstag voted \$35,000.

THE COAL STRIKE COMMISSION will have earned a pension for its members if its report—at this writing about to be immediately forthcoming—shall satisfy all parties to the controversy. The crucial questions decided are the regulation of the miners' pay, the system of pay, measurement of coal, recognition of the union, arbitration, causes of the big "freeze out," and the boycott. While the report was still in preparation it was rumored *ex parte* in advance of official publication that the findings of the commission would be in the main favorable to the miners. The strike was de-



The President's Coal Strike Commission

clared May 12, 1902, involved 147,000 men, and lasted five months. The miners returned to work after the appointment of the commission, which met in Washington October 24, and has been in almost continuous session up to the present month.

THE WATERBURY RAILWAY STRIKE for reinstatement of Amalgamated Association members and Union recognition will stand as an example of the most stubbornly contested conflict of this nature that a strike-weary country has witnessed. Both parties early announced their determination to fight it out to the bitter end. The battle was originally waged between the Connecticut Railway & Lighting Company and its striking employés, but later it developed into a sort of three-cornered fight. Many acts of lawlessness, resulting in the murder of a special policeman named Mendelsohn, and the declaration of a sympathetic boycott, put up the backs of the staid New England merchants and brought the Citizens' Alliance into the trouble. The members of the Alliance declared that, boycott or no boycott, they would conduct their business as they chose and ride in the street-cars if and when they desired, and that they would look to the company for proper service. A reward, amounting to nearly \$20,000, has been offered for the apprehension of Mendelsohn's slayers. In this the labor unions participate to a very large amount. Decisive action was taken on the 14th, when a blanket injunction was issued by Judge Elmer against seventeen unions and more than one hundred men. The injunction forbids the unions from in any way interfering with the operation of the road and directs that an end be put to the boycott. A suit for civil damages was also instituted by the company and the savings of the unions attached at the banks.

A COLOSSAL WESTERN RAILROAD WAR was declared on March 11 and involves an aggregation of capital which pales Monte Cristo's fortune to insignificance. The control of the Southern Pacific Railroad is sought by a stock pool, of which James R. Keene, financier and projector, is the presiding genius. The pool was formed for the purpose of ousting the so-called Harriman management from the Southern Pacific directorate, and proposes to run the road according to its own ideas. Dissatisfaction over the alleged

mishandling of the road is given as the *casus belli*. The "Keene Pool" say the California "Octopus" is run for the benefit of the Union Pacific Railroad in which Edward H. Harriman and his confrères are dominant factors. It was alleged that \$60,000,000 have been poured into the property and, notwithstanding, operating expenses continued to be ten to fifteen per cent higher than those of competing companies. In short, dividends do not materialize with sufficient frequency. The pool authorizes Mr. Keene to purchase Southern Pacific stock to a maximum of 400,000 and a minimum of 200,000 at such prices as he sees fit, and to sell and buy at discretion in conducting war against the tremendous moneymen arrayed against him. The first gun was fired on March 13, when a temporary restraining order was procured by the attorneys of Taylor & Co., and the Southern Pacific management was notified that on April 1 at Nashville (the Southern Pacific has a Kentucky charter) there would be a hearing of cause why injunction should not issue enjoining the Union Pacific Company from voting its 750,000 shares of Southern Pacific stock at the annual election to be held April 8. The Southern Pacific controls 10,000 miles of railroad and more than 16,000 miles of tributary water routes. Its total capitalization is approximately \$300,000,000.

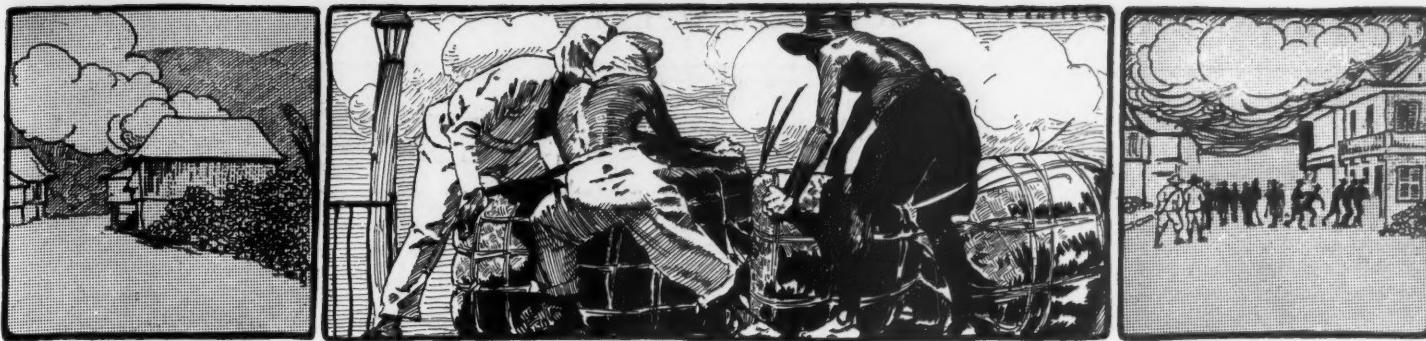
"THE DEAF MAY NOW HEAR!" That is a promise to 3,000,000 afflicted persons of America from Miller Reese Hutchison, a clever young Alabama inventor, who gave a convincing demonstration of a new auditory apparatus in New York March 13. Children born deaf, dumb and blind listened to a piano and a phonograph, and heard the sound of their own voices for the first time in their dreary little lives. Mr. Hutchison was recently decorated by Queen Alexandra for his work in behalf of the deaf. The other week he demonstrated the efficiency of his new "eye glass for the ear" before an audience including the Duke of Newcastle and the management of several New York institutes devoted to the aid of the afflicted. The apparatus consists of an ear piece, a transmitter and a small battery, all of which may be so arranged on the person that no part need be visible except the ear piece. A movement is now on foot among charitable persons of New York to provide funds to supply the poor with the devices free of cost.

"HARLEM TO BATTERY IN 15 MINUTES" Is a glorious consummation of the metropolitan transportation dream, now in sight. The first rail of New York's rapid-transit tunnel road was spiked to the ties on Saturday, March 14. A squad of New York's Finest held enthusiastic spectators in check while Mayor Low seized a gilded maul, decorated with ribbons of the national colors, and hammered the initial silver spike into place. This impressive scene took place under a blaze of electric light at the Columbus Circle station near the Park entrance. By the time the party of city officials and spectators had emerged from the under-



Mayor Low and Committee in the Underground Station

ground station into the upper sunshine, brawny workmen equipped with less dainty but more business-like tools had laid down over a hundred feet of 100-pound steel track. On the day of the track inauguration the subway road was ready for rails from Forty-fifth Street to Seventy-second Street. Mr. MacDonald, the chief contractor, said significantly that he would be open for final congratulations on America's first and only "tuppenny tube" a year from to-day. The silver spike, by the way, was subsequently extracted. When suitably inscribed, it will be presented for safe-keeping to the Mayor of New York.



"Inside Stories" of Recent History

There are always at least two different ways of telling a story for the newspapers. One is written with the fear of the advertising agent, the law of libel, and with the policy of the paper before the eyes of the writer; the other is written exactly as the writer would tell it to his fellows, after his "copy" is finished, and the paper has gone to press. The latter is called, in newspaper parlance, the "inside" story; and of the two it generally is the more interesting. We have secured several of these "inside" stories from well-known newspaper correspondents, stories of peace and of war, and these will be published from time to time during the year

II.—How Three Little Spanish Words Tied Up the Hemp Markets of the World

By Oscar King Davis

SIF YOU HAPPEN to be in any business that causes you to take notice of the prices of Manila hemp, you will remember the extraordinary disturbance of the market in the early part of 1900. Prices had been held at top figures for a long time. The towns in Southern Luzon, Leyte and Samar, which are known as the hemp ports of the Philippines, had been blockaded almost continuously since the outbreak of the insurrection, and very little hemp had come into the Manila market. There was tremendous pressure on General Otis, through the War Department, to open these ports so that the large stocks, which it was known had been stripped during the months of the blockade, could be got out. It became known at last in Manila that an expedition to open the ports was about to be sent out, and the London, Liverpool, Boston and New York buyers waited eagerly for the drop that was apparently certain to come. It was estimated very shrewdly that at least 250,000 bales, or 500,000 piculs, was ready at the different ports for shipment as soon as the vessels could take it away, after the blockade was declared off. But a most amazing thing happened. Instead of a drop in prices there was a sudden, mysterious and totally unexplained rise. For two weeks after it was reported to Manila by the General in command of the expedition that the last of the ports had been opened, the price of hemp rose every day. It soared past the point where two or three of the large Manila firms had sold for future delivery, and left them struggling frantically but fruitlessly to cover a loss where they had been sure of enormous profits. It went to fifteen and three-quarters cents a pound in New York, almost three times the highest price it had ever reached. The buyers in the four great world-markets were completely puzzled, and not a hemp man in the Philippines knew what was up.

Yes, there was—one. Besides him there were three newspaper men and a Chinaman. What the Chinaman did about it I never knew; the other four of us kept still. Here, if you care to know, is what really happened, and how.

Mac and I had come back from a hair-raising and breath-taking run with the cavalry through lower Cavite province, and got into Manila just in time to get our work written up and catch the hemp expedition. General Kobbé was to command, and we knew from old experience with that fine soldier that there would be an interesting trip. So we went around to call on the General and get our permit. Then Mac went over to the Escolta, and I went back to the house to pack up my duffle. It was a big expedition, two entire regiments of infantry and some artillery, and it was to occupy eight ports, five of them with a considerable force. There were five transports, with three gunboats to convoy us.

It is proper to say here that Mac is the best fellow that ever lived. But he didn't know any more about the hemp business than he did about the main-upper-to-gallant-starboard - stu'sail - boom - tricing - line - block - cheek-strap-thimble-seizing. Consequently when he met the Hemp Man on the Escolta that morning and the Hemp Man made a proposition to him, he took it up on the spot, and they went down to the Hemp Man's office to talk it over. Mac didn't tell me anything bout it then, and it did not appear to either Harry or me that anything outside the strictly military line was going on until we struck the first port.

The Plot Develops

That was Sorsogon. The transports lay eight miles down the harbor, and we went ashore with the men in the small boats, after the warships had ranged along the beach and chased all the insurgents away. Mac and I were in the first boat of our string that came alongside the pier, and we scrambled up quickly. Mac didn't seem much interested in the business of the "occupation," and drifted away from Harry and me. Later we saw him stalking along with a fat Filipino and doing his best at conversation in Spanish.

"Where are you going?" asked Harry.

"Oh, I've got to see a man down here," replied Mac. When he rejoined us he said nothing about the incident, and we put it down to newspaper enterprise, wondering if he had a "beat."

Next day the General took five companies in the *Venus* and the *Castellano*, and went around to Legaspi to open that port. The opening at Sorsogon had been entirely successful. More than forty thousand bales of hemp was there just waiting for ships to come and get it, but in some mysterious fashion the agent of one of the big Manila houses had managed to communicate through the blockade, and it was nearly all engaged for his house.

Mr. Davis was the New York "Sun" correspondent in the Philippines during the war with Spain and the subsequent Filipino insurrection. He accompanied General Kobbé on the expedition to open the hemp ports, and was present at a transaction by which an astute Chinaman, by the insertion of three little words into a contract, nearly ruined the leading hemp merchant of Manila and sent the price of the commodity soaring up to the highest point it had ever been known to reach

On the way to Legaspi and while we were lying off the beach making ready to go ashore, I noticed that Mac was frequently engaged in earnest conversation with Harry, and they both seemed very enthusiastic about whatever it was. But still I did not know what was up. There was a pretty good little fight before we got this town, and the *Nashville* shelled the place up a bit. Down at one end a fine big stone godown was set on fire by shells. When we got ashore we went down to the fire, and Harry found a Spanish woman wringing her hands and crying, "*Todas nuestras economías*"—"All our savings." The godown was hers, and it held 2,800 bales of fine hemp, worth at least \$45 a bale in Manila. She had been keeping it for sale in the open market when the blockade was raised, and she declared she was bankrupted by its loss.

"It's just my luck," I heard Mac say to Harry that night when we had got back to the transport; "I never had a good chance yet that something didn't happen to spoil it."

The Mystery Deepens

Still I did not know what it was all about, and we went back to Sorsogon bay with Harry and Mac sitting off by themselves and holding very deep converse. It was beginning to be more than just mysterious.

The next three ports opened were little ones, and there was not much hemp in them, but when we went to Calbayog, in Samar, we expected to find a great lot



A Hundred Thousand Dollars' Worth of Hemp Going Up in Smoke

of it. Mac and Harry and I went ashore in the same boat, and as we were pulling in Mac said:

"I'm going to try to buy some hemp here."

"Oh," I said.

"Yes," he replied. "There was a lot in Sorsogon, but I couldn't talk enough Spanish to get any of it."

"And the only lot in Legaspi that had not been contracted," put in Harry, "was what was all burned up."

"How much do you want?" I asked, for lack of something better to say.

"All I can get," Mac answered. "A hundred thousand piculs if I can get it."

I knew enough about hemp to know that a hundred thousand piculs meant somewhere in the neighborhood of two million dollars, and it made me laugh to think of Mac trying to buy anything like that. Mac didn't say anything for a little. Then as we got out of the boat and started up the beach he explained.

"Don Eduardo gave me a commission," he said.

That was different. Don Eduardo was the head of a big trading house in Manila, and if he wanted to spend two millions for hemp he was able to do it. Mac went on to say that he had had a talk with Don Eduardo in Manila, and that they had gone to the bank and Don Eduardo had given Mac authority to draw on him for \$500,000 in case he should get the chance to buy a big lot. That would be enough to bind any bargain, and Don Eduardo had given Mac blank forms of the contract that was to be signed if a deal was brought about, so that it seemed all straight and regular.

"Do you know how much it is worth?" I asked.

"Yes," said Mac, "I can pay up to \$22 a picul and still

make a good profit. It is worth \$25 in Manila, or was when we left, and was going up. We are to divide the difference between what I have to pay and what we can sell for, and probably can turn the contract over in Manila as soon as I get back."

Mac had agreed to divide with Harry for doing the Spanish part of the dickering, and it surely did look as if they had a chance to make a lot of money. But Calbayog was a great disappointment. You see it is not so easy doing business on a military expedition. There was plenty of hemp in the hills, but it would take time to buy it, and that night we sailed for Catbalogan.

Catbalogan never had promised much anyway, and the insurgents set fire to the town before they ran away, burning up most of the little stock that was there. That left only Tacloban, in Leyte, the last port on the list to be opened, and when we sailed for it Mac was pretty well down on his luck.

When we steamed into the bay there was the little gunboat *Mariveles* with a prize, and for a few minutes the boys thought it was all over with their last hope for hemp. The prize was the old *Mactan*, under charter by one of the Manila houses, and the agent aboard had a chest full of dollars with which to bind bargains on hemp. He had been seized by the *Mariveles*, but he produced regulation clearance papers from Cebu, and it was evident that General Otis, thinking that General Kobbé had had time to open Tacloban, had permitted the Cebu authorities to grant the clearance. That meant that as soon as we had taken the town and the new Captain of the Port and Collector of Customs had gone ashore the *Mactan* would tie up and the hemp agent would get to work. It was clearly a case of hustle.

There was some resistance, after a lot of parley about a surrender, parley that we found out afterward was made simply to give the insurgents time to get away. There was one fine big house near the beach, which was shut very closely at first, but just as the fight began some one came to a window and looked out. The *Mariveles* thought it was an insurgent looking for a chance to shoot, and the three-pounder was turned on the house. Five shells went through the corner by the window, and when we got ashore a few minutes later that part of the house was a wreck. Its occupants were Chinese, and when Harry and Mac and I went in one of them called to us to come look at a man who was dying, to see if we couldn't do something for him. But he wasn't dying. He was only having a bad time with his heart and his breath, and soon recovered from his fright and began to talk. The first thing Harry said to him then was, did he know anybody who had any hemp to sell.

That put a different light on the matter with the Chinese at once. The man sat up and replied that he surely did know such a person, for he was the man, and what was it worth in Manila?

"How much have you got?" asked Harry.

Three or four Chinese talked at once, and after a few minutes of that sort of jabbering the ex-scared one, who proved to be the Captain Chinaman of Tacloban, said that he had ten thousand piculs. He then proposed that we all go to another house, directly on the waterfront, where we could talk it over. There we went, Mac and Harry and I and a troop of a dozen or more Chinese. They took us to an inside room where there was a window overlooking the bay. Mac and Harry sat down at a big round table with the Captain Chinaman, and I stood at the window, playing Sister Ann and watching the evident signs of anxiety on the *Mactan*, and the preparations for action as soon as the agent could get ashore.

The Bargaining Begins

The formalities were first duly observed, to the great disgust of the impatient hemp buyers at the table. Cigars and cigarettes were proffered by the polite Captain Chinaman, and then rice wine and delicious little seed cakes, with Chesterfieldian but unimportant inquiries as to the health and pleasure of his guests. Finally Harry cut mere politeness short with an abrupt change of the subject to hemp.

"You said you had ten thousand piculs?" he asked.

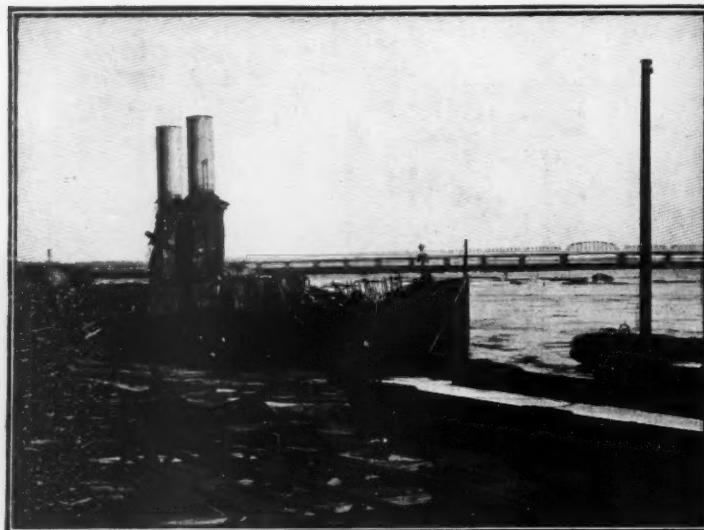
"Yes," replied the Chinaman. "Would you like to buy it?"

"What will you take?" asked Harry.

"What is it worth in Manila?"

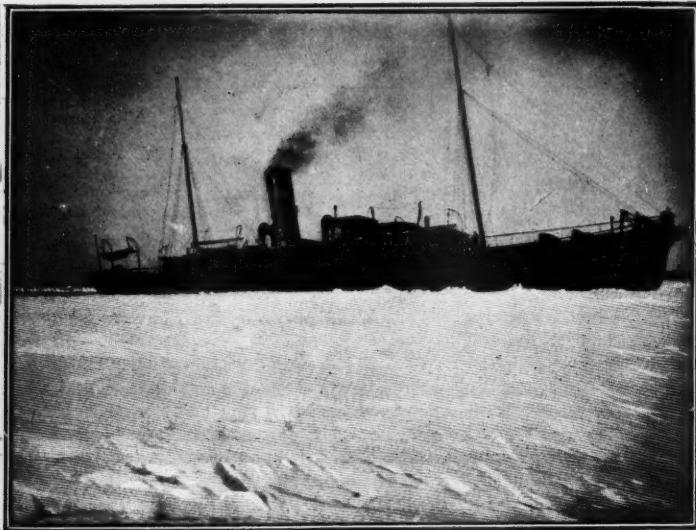
The spirit of the dicker was strong in the boys, and as I reported that there had been no new move on the *Mactan* for the last five minutes, they thought they were not so hurried as they had been, and opened at a figure that would allow of some play.

"We'll give you twelve dollars a picul," said Mac, through Harry.



The Steamship "Montreal," burned to the Water's Edge at her Wharf at Montreal March 8,
entailing a Loss of Half a Million Dollars

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The Canadian Government Steamship "Stanley," held in the Ice-Pack between the Mainland
and Prince Edward Island since January 15



THE SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' MEMORIAL MONUMENT, RIVERSIDE DRIVE, NEW YORK

Gen. Maximo Gomez

Mr. Morgan

President Palma

Carlos Zaldívar

Mendes Cárdenas



THE DINNER GIVEN TO MR. J. PIERPONT MORGAN BY PRESIDENT PALMA OF CUBA, AT THE PALACE, HAVANA, MARCH 4, 1903

THE FOCUS OF THE TIME
A PHOTOGRAPHIC HISTORY OF CURRENT EVENTS

The Captain Chinaman smiled very good-humoredly. It seemed a fine joke. He offered more cigarettes and wine.

"I have not sold to you gentlemen before," he said, presently. "Is your house in Manila?"

"I am the agent of Don Eduardo," replied Mac, and brought out the circular letter the Hemp Man had given him, authorizing Mac to buy at any port on his account.

The Captain Chinaman smiled a little more and said, "Ah, yes, I know Don Eduardo very well. You are his agent."

Mac showed another document which authorized him to draw on Don Eduardo to the extent of \$500,000. It was properly certified by the Manila bank, and the Captain Chinaman was much interested. You very rarely find a Chinaman who will do business the same day it is suggested to him, and the boys realized that they had their work cut out for them. Harry had a sheet of paper before him, and on it he had written "10,000 piculs at \$12—\$120,000."

The Captain Chinaman puffed his cigarette and remarked after a trying period of consideration that he thought he would sell for \$22 a picul. He had heard that hemp was very high in Manila.

Mac and Harry held a short conference and wanted to know how things were looking aboard the *Mactan*.

"They've got the gangway down," I said, "and are getting out the boat."

"We'll give \$17," said Mac to the Captain Chinaman.

Harry solemnly wrote down on his paper, "10,000 piculs at \$17—\$170,000."

"Perhaps," said the Captain Chinaman, "you would be willing to give \$21.50."

"The boat is at the gangway," I said, "and a man is waiting to get in."

"I'll make it nineteen," said Mac, and Harry wrote down on his sheet of paper, in fine large letters that any one might read, "10,000 piculs at \$19—\$190,000."

"That is a very large sum of money," said Harry, and the Captain Chinaman smiled even more pleasantly than before.

"It is a large lot of hemp," he said.

Mac brought out one of the carefully typewritten forms of contract that Don Eduardo had given him

in Manila. The Captain Chinaman read it with much show of interest.

"Don Eduardo is a fine gentleman," he said. "I have known him many years."

A boat put off from the *Mactan* and I saw the agent, wily and experienced, descending upon the bargain.

"He's coming ashore," I said. "You'd better hurry up."

"Well," said Mac, and he bit through his cigar as he said it, "we'll give twenty-one, and that is the last cent we will give if you don't sell a pound to us."

Harry interpreted the offer. The Captain Chinaman



The House at Tacloban in which the Hemp Deal was made

spoke to some of his friends, and we wished we had stayed in Hong Kong until we had learned the language.

"When will your ship come to get it?" asked the Captain Chinaman.

"The ship is ready now in Manila," answered Harry. He had just finished writing down on his paper, "10,000 piculs at \$21—\$210,000." The Chinese standing around the table looked at the figures approvingly.

"I put in the contract," said the Captain Chinaman, "that it is to be thirty-six per cent fair current, forty

per cent seconds, twenty per cent thirds, and four per cent yellows."

"Then you will sell?" asked Mac.

"Yes," said the Captain Chinaman, "and those are the percentages of the delivery."

He took the form of contract and began to read it over again. I saw the *Mactan*'s boat tie up at the mole, and the hated rival step quickly out and head straight for the house where we were.

"He's coming here," I reported.

Mac looked at Harry and Harry looked at Mac. "What does he mean?" said Harry, "by so much fair current, second, third and yellow?"

"I don't know," said Mac.

Once, a year and more before, I had heard a hemp man talking about the classes of hemp, and now I cut in.

"It means the classes," I said. "Don't you have to look out for that, Mac?"

"No," he said, "Don Eduardo told me not to pay any attention to classification."

Just then a man came in from the outer room, and I saw through the open door the agent from the *Mactan* sitting at the table spread with cakes and wine.

"He's out there in the other room," I said.

Mac turned to the contract. The Captain Chinaman handed it to him, with the old imperturbable smile.

"The percentages will be put in?" he asked.

"Yes," said Mac, "put them in."

The Captain Chinaman wrote industriously for a few moments. "Thirty-six per cent fair current," he said as he wrote. "Forty per cent seconds, twenty per cent thirds, and four per cent yellows, *sin ningun rebajo*."

He finished and handed the paper to Mac. His signature was at the bottom.

Harry got up and came over to me at the window.

"What does '*sin ningun rebajo*' mean?" he asked.

"Blessed if I know what it means here," I replied.

"You know what the words mean."

"Oh, yes, I know that," he said. "They mean 'without any rebate,' but there isn't any rebate here anyway."

Mac got up and joined us, but could not suggest any plausible application. The Chinamen sat or stood around and waited. Harry's paper lay on the table

(Continued on page 28)

America and Her New Novelists

By Anthony Hope

Author of "The Prisoner of Zenda"

ON MY RETURN from a previous visit to America, in the year 1898, I ventured, at a literary dinner in London, on a prophecy addressed primarily to my British *confrères* in novel-writing. And I did not prophesy unto them smooth things with regard to their future in this country. I told them that the palmiest days were over and that they would have to fight hard to keep their footing—to fight against a competition which every year would make more extensive and more intense. I think I used some such phrase as that Americans were discovering their country from the point of view of fiction. The expression was, of course, an exaggerated one—the sort of exaggeration which carries a speaker's meaning home—for there had been many distinguished forerunners of what is now proving to be so great an army; yet the history of American fiction in the last few years goes far to justify even that expression, and certainly confirms the opinion which I used it to convey. There was nothing venturesome in the view which I put forward; three or four months of travel here—and eyes moderately wide-open—fully accounted for it. The development was inevitable—and it has happened. The centre of gravity has shifted, once and for all, in my judgment. Many British authors still receive, and I do not doubt will continue to receive, ready welcome and appreciation on this side of the Atlantic; this is as it should be in the interest of broad views and cosmopolitan culture, no less than in that of a friendly and reciprocal knowledge of one nation by the other. But novels (throughout I stick to my last) which are either the work of foreigners or, though written by Americans, are derived from an inspiration sought abroad, have lost their relative prominence: and to-day for the great bulk of American readers the American novel stands first and foremost. An exotic will still now and then achieve striking success; good exotics will find a fit audience and not necessarily a small one; but henceforward the native product is destined to the first place.

Growth of American Thought

As I had no doubt of the growth of this tendency, so I have none of its permanence. In one aspect it is a phase of that assertion of herself (I do not mean "self-assertion") and of her position in the world which is so prominent a factor in American thought to-day. In another it is an example of the general truth that people like best to read about what is nearest to them—what concerns themselves or their forebears, what is in touch with their traditions, what has the powerful appeal of familiarity and the strong, though perhaps latent, sanction of national pride and national consciousness.

To the sons of a small island (and the smaller we realize it to be, the prouder we feel entitled to be of it) the United States of America—to leave the rest of the Western Continent out of the question—seem properly described not as a country but as a world—a world marvellously rich in varieties of climate, of natural features, of human types, and of social environment. As the English writer of novels must envy the Frenchman his language, so he might be pardoned for grudging to the American this extraordinary wealth of material. There have been eminent English writers who have made various parts of the countryside their own—I need instance only Richard Blackmore and Mr. Thomas Hardy—but Great Britain offers no such salient contrasts and no such striking variations as may be found within the boundaries of the Union. From this springs

the first line of development of the American novel—the novel of a locality, of a State or of some district marked by distinctive characteristics. The function of this class of book is to interpret one part of the land to the dwellers in another part—to picture the West for the East, the South for the North, to make Kentucky understood of New York, to speak in the voice of California to the cities of the Atlantic seaboard. The interest of such work is obvious; if a stranger may express an opinion on such a matter, its national value must also be very great. And just as present-day conditions vary so enormously in different parts of the country, so tradition and history vary also. Hence comes another line of development which has been followed with marked success of recent years and is, I think, very far from having reached its limit yet. The



ANTHONY HOPE

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charm and romance of American history seem of late to have dawned with a new—at least with a much fuller—revelation on American readers. The past of their own country, the story of their own struggles and wars, the figures of the heroes of bygone days—the men their fathers followed—have come by their own in story. Henri IV yields place (not before he has done a good day's work!) to Washington, and if the days of the Stuarts are treated of, it is the days of the Stuarts in Virginia. The great men of the Civil War pay toll to legend and begin to be the centre of romance. The work of Scott and of Thackeray is

being done—or begun—for America by her own writers. And lastly the present hour—the latest and most urgent expression of the national character—finds its voice in fiction. The novel of trade, of commerce, of competition and the struggle for life, the novel of the great busy city, makes its appearance, written with a zest and welcomed with an interest to which it would be hard to find a parallel in any other country of the world. Its tragedies, its struggles, the sense of effort, of fight, of a satisfaction won only by constant activity and held only at the cost of unresting vigilance, reflect as truly one side of the nation's life as the quiet of a New England village or the spacious freedom of the plains show forth and interpret others. The three lines of development go on side by side, co-operating in the interpretation of the national history and character—the life of the past and the life of to-day.

To ask whether such an interpretation of a nation to itself—for that, after all, is the task, and a task which is being attempted with marked talent and wonderful enthusiasm—to ask whether such a literature will be permanent is much the same as to ask the question about the national life itself. There can be but one answer; it is here "to stay," and it will grow. My own feeling has been sometimes—a feeling called forth by remarks made to me—that there is too much doubting and fearing about these new developments and the new work being done under their influence. It is possible to take a too exclusively and rigidly "literary" view of literature; but the error is one which might more naturally be looked for in an old than in a young and progressive civilization. American literature, or its American critics, could afford to borrow some of the robust confidence of American business.

What the Reader Wants

Unmerited successes are to be expected—the great public is not an exacting, or at any rate not a quick-judging, critic—and they need disturb us very little. They are especially likely to occur, I think, under the conditions which I have indicated. The charm of the subjects, of the newly awakened interest and the freshly quickened realization, is itself enough to carry readers away. Delight in the story disarms criticism of the way in which it is told. People want to read about these things, and they will read poor books about them rather than none. That they want to read about them at all seems to me such a great national gain that we may possess our souls in patience in face of some aberrations of taste. Time will go far to correct these. Pioneers reap crops with little trouble and with small skill in agriculture; later generations of workers need a better equipment if they are to command the same success. It is not as if the good work did not find appreciation; it does, and in ample measure, and there is very much of it. A certain degree of indiscrimination is generally one of the marks of enthusiasm; it will be a happy thing if the enthusiasm can survive the rise of a severer judgment. Meanwhile there is this at least to say that never in the history of the world have authors had a finer audience ready to welcome them, or the public a body of authors more eager to interest it. And there is that splendid wealth of material—a mine of wealth, really hardly more than opened. If I were an American, I should have a good confidence—and I should not be distressed at the fact that readers have, here and there, been too ready to believe—well, what accredited critics have not always been guiltless of telling them. The same phenomenon may, after all, be observed sometimes on my side of the ocean.

"Incomparable Bellairs"



By Agnes and Egerton Castle.

Authors of "The Pride of Jennico," Etc.

GREY DOMINO

Being the Second of a Series of Six Sprightly Tales of Love and Adventure, Laid in the Gay Period of Eighteenth Century Bath

ILLUSTRATED WITH A COVER DESIGN BY F. X. LEYENDECKER AND SKETCHES BY ORSON LOWELL



AM PALE TO-NIGHT." Mrs. Bellairs, the hare's-foot poised in one plump, dimpled hand, bent forward to examine her pretty face in the mirror. "A shade more on the left, eh, Lydia?"

"Never a touch more, ma'am," decided the maid, and from her mistress's hand unceremoniously culled the little foot that had once paddled so blithely over green turf.

"I vow," cried the lady, "I'm looking a perfect fright!"

"Well, ma'am," began Lydia sardonically; "I would not let that disturb me, since you are to go masked."

There were fresh matrimonial projects floating in the air, of which Miss Lydia disapproved. Her position as confidential maid to a rich and fascinating young widow was a source of so much profit as well as pleasure, so many discreet guineas as well as discreet kisses came her way in that capacity, that she had little desire to change these conditions, even for the sake of calling her mistress "My Lady Countess."

"Why, girl," said Kitty Bellairs, balked of the compliment she had a right to expect, "we unmask before supper. Surely any fool knows that!"

Lydia tossed her head and set out the patchbox with a bang.

Kitty sighed languorously, with a sudden change of mood, and flung a birdlike glance at Lydia's irate reflection in the psyche—a pretty mirror, this, garlanded with golden roses, held up by peeping Cupids: meet, indeed, to receive so coquettish an image as that of "incomparable Bellairs"—as the widow had been dubbed at Bath by some of its noted sparks.

"Ah! child," said the lady, "happy you, who will never know the troubles and anxieties with which a lonely woman has to meet in the great fashionable world." Lydia sniffed. "I want a protector sadly, my good girl. (There's that quilted petticoat . . . and the square of Mechlin, with the hole in it where young My Lord Verney, oaf as he is, trod on my skirts in the Pump-Room. 'Tis a beautiful bit of lace: you can have it for yourself. 'Twill make you very fine among the other tire-women.) Ah, 'tis a weighty decision! My heart is all of a flutter. Give me a thimbleful of ratafia."

Miss Lydia poured out the desired restorative in the same disapproving silence.

"Take some yourself, child."

"No, thank you, ma'am." Ratafia had long ceased to be a treat to Lydia: familiarity breeds contempt. "It's apt to make the nose red, ma'am."

The lady put down her half-sipped glass, flung an anxious glance upon her pearly nose-tip in the mirror and then broke into justifiable rage:

"How dare you, miss! Go to the devil, you ungrateful, unpleasant girl!"

"La, ma'am! he would not have me as a present, neither me nor you, for all he comes so often here!"

"What in Heaven's name do you mean?"

"It don't seem as if Heaven could ever had anything to say to it, ma'am, one way or another."

"Gracious power, the creature will drive me mad! Who is it wants neither you nor me? and what is it Heaven can have nothing to do with?"

"Why—the devil, ma'am, or the nearest approach to him that walks London this moment, meaning my Lord Mandeville. His heart's not in it, nor ever will be. And if Heaven has anything to say to him, why I am willing to—"

"Lydia!" cried Mistress Kitty, in a fury. Then she seized the first missile to her hand and flung it at the girl's head.

Lydia dodged with the adroitness acquired by long habit, calmly picked up the silver curling-tongs and began to ply them mechanically, as she surveyed her mistress with disapproving eyes.

Kitty had turned back to her mirror, and now set her small teeth in a smile of defiance: "My Lord Mandeville not want Kitty Bellairs! We shall see!" The

little fierce smile broadened into triumph. "We shall see."

Presently the eyes swam back into the languor that had provoked Miss Lydia; and the widow pondered. Lydia broke the silence by observing in a detached manner: "There are several gentlemen sitting waiting in the blue room."

"Is Mr. Stafford among these gentlemen?" asked Kitty, turning her eyes, all weighted with anxiety, toward Lydia.

"Mr. Stafford, Mr. O'Hara, Sir George Payne (in scarlet, ma'am), and Mr. Mildmay in sky-blue," responded the latter glibly.

"Ned Stafford!" ejaculated the widow. "He is positively the only man who knows how to pitch a patch. Admit him instantly, instantly!" She drew her silken wrapper over the falling laces upon her bosom; then, on further thought, "And Mr. O'Hara, too," she added; "the dear creature has taste."

"And Sir George?" queried Lydia, her hand on the door-knob.

"Sir George! Did you not say the zany was in scarlet? I marvel at you, Lydia—and I in rose-pink!"

"Mr. Mildmay?"
"Let him languish."

Lydia went forth with alacrity: "Mrs. Bellairs will see Mr. Stafford and Mr. O'Hara, if they will be kind enough to step this way," said she with a cherry

butterfly kiss. "A rose? A hundred roses, a heaven of roses!"

"Oho, Ned, my boy," cried O'Hara, "and when did you ever see a rose with such a pair of eyes?"

"And when did a cold empty sky wear such a smile?" retorted Stafford in a light tone that contrasted with the Irishman's fervor.

"Come, come!" cried Kitty briskly, "do you think I have time to-night for this sort of thing? You've been admitted on business, my friends. Now, Stafford, what say you"—lifting up the patch again—"shall it be under the left eye? O'Hara, keep quiet or out you must go!"

Mr. Stafford sat down on a gilt-legged stool and worked it forward very respectfully to as close proximity as circumstances would allow; then folding his arms he threw a deep air of gravity into his looks as he contemplated the visage which the widow turned with equal seriousness for his inspection. There was a moment of throbbing silence, while O'Hara gnashed his teeth. Presently the oracle delivered itself:

"Such eyes as yours, dear Kitty," he said in his soft, well-bred voice, "need no finger-post to draw attention to them. They are beacons that claim instant admiration by their own flame." ("Ah, now! listen to him! Talk of my metaphors," muttered O'Hara.) "But the dimple that comes with your heavenly smile and goes with your—your gentle melancholy—" (Lydia sniffed) "that dimple, Kitty, which peeps and vanishes like a star in our night, it would not be amiss to make the world mindful of it. As who should look and read, *ad astra!*"

Kitty turned eagerly back to the glass. "Perhaps you are right," said she.

Stafford half rose from his seat: "Stay, too low!—too high! Oh! Kitty, have a care—nay, this frown will never do; I must see a smile or I can not guide. Stop, stop!" He laid his hand over hers.

A sudden vision in the glass of O'Hara's countenance behind her, lowering under his powdered red hair—and the desired smile flashed on the lady's lips.

"Now!" cried Stafford. He shot out a long finger and gently but firmly pressed its tip just by the side of the dimple. When he withdrew it Kitty smiled again.

"A stroke of genius!" said she. And Stafford, stepping back and contemplating her with his head on one side, assented in satisfied tones: "I have been Heaven-inspired."

Mr. O'Hara's comment, which placed Mr. Stafford's proper habitation in quite another region and further expressed a desire to hasten his home-going, passed unheeded by the two consultants.

"Now for the domino!" cried Mistress Bellairs gayly, preparing to rise.

"Nay, nay!" exclaimed Stafford, arresting her. "Two are the mode of the town this year, Kitty."

"Two, the mode?" echoed she.

"Aye, surely—one patch on the face, dearest Bellairs, and one on the throat—for whomsoever has a handsome shoulder. It has been the rage ever since Miss Rachel Peace, of Saddler's Wells, appeared last month in the 'Stratagem'—and Lord Mandeville swore out loud, in my Lady Trefusis's box, that she had the fairest shoulders—"

Kitty started as if the words had covered a little stab. Miss Lydia turned round with an interested air. "And has this Rachel Peace, in your opinion, my good man, anything so wonderful about her? A pasty baggage, I thought her—and thin in the collar-bone.—Where did she wear that patch?"

"Oh, Kitty," said Stafford, with his pleasant laugh, "ask me not about Rachel Peace, for I vow whatever I have seen of other women I forget to-night. I could not tell you the exact spot where Miss Rachel Peace wore the patch, but methinks I could decide where it best would become Mistress Kitty, so that he who saw it will carry the memory of it to his grave."

"Well, be quick," snapped she. He pushed back his chair a pace or two and surveyed her critically.

The unwanted excitement which possessed Mrs. Bel-



Kitty sighed languorously

mouth to the waiting clients. How demure was she! "Yes, Sir George, I did inform my mistress of your presence—yes, Mr. Mildmay, sir, I'll mention it again by and by. At least, if I get the chance. I'll do my best, Sir George. This way, please."

Mr. O'Hara and Mr. Stafford, faithful adorers, knew the way well enough. Kitty's pink-hung, becupidized, becushionized sanctum, with its atmosphere of Parma-powder and flowers—the fragrance of a pretty woman's dainty vanities—was deliciously familiar to both. Mr. Stafford inhaled it like a connoisseur, O'Hara drew audibly a passionate breath of rapture.

"Glory be to God, Kitty," he cried, "but it's the beauty of the summer dawn you've got this winter night!"

He seized his beloved's right hand and there could be no mistake about the fact that he saluted it.

"A rose!" exclaimed Stafford, advancing with short, dainty steps to bow over the lady's left wrist, negligently extended in his direction, and touch it with a

lairs, that usually self-satisfied little lady, this evening had brought fresh sparkles to her eye and a flush to her cheek that shamed its rouge. Beneath the folded laces, the fair bosom was heaving with shortened breath. It may be that Mr. Stafford prolonged his contemplation a few seconds longer than was required. It was a talent of this mercurial gentleman to seem most respectful where he was most audacious; so that things were permitted to him with smiles that might have been denied with frowns. He delivered judgment: "Here, where runs that little vein, azure rivulet through a fair field of snow—where the lovely shoulder falls into this little valley planned by Cupid himself under Venus's own eyes—where . . ."

"That will serve, sir," said Kitty, whisking round and, with unerring swoop of genius, planting a dainty black star in the faint curve of the white shoulder thus poetically indicated. Then she turned again to flash her triumph at Stafford.

He clapped his hands, half with that mockery that never left him, half in genuine admiration: "Perfect! The last touch! Ah, 'tis rightly named—*L'assassin!*!"

"*L'assassin!*!" She caught the word with a happy laugh and then her eye, once again on her mirror, re-garded it musingly.

"Why, madam," said Stafford, with a sudden dry gravity, "and pray what fresh assassination are you plotting for to-night?"

The dimple peeped in Kitty's cheek; she kicked off a tiny Spanish slipper. "My shoes, Lydia!" she commanded, unconcerned.

Over a dress of tiffany embroidered with roses of a splendor that baffled description, the lady then slipped on a dream of a domino, all rosy satin and fragrant lace. And while Lydia spread out the great hood before delicately drawing it over the high-massed, powdered curls, Mistress Bellairs was fain to shoot another glance of sweet vanity at Mr. Stafford—just to read in his eyes how entrancing she looked.

But he shook his head at her: "I am sorry for you, my dear!"

"What is the meaning of that, sir?"

"Only, my dearest life, to see so fair a huntress bent on so bootless a chase!"

Here Lydia's sniff was fraught with so much meaning that, in a double fury, Mistress Kitty wrenched herself loose from her woman's hands and stamped her foot at Mr. Stafford.

"You are monstrous impudent, sir—and, besides, monstrous ignorant of what you are talking about!"

"Madam, his lordship is still the willing prize of another bow. . . . Kitty, Kitty, you will point your little arrows in vain, for once."

The more serious turn the conversation had taken had arrested Mr. O'Hara's attention.

"I'll have you know, dear Kitty," pursued Mr. Stafford in his gentle tone, "that this same Mandeville is bound hand and foot, heart and purse, to one Rachel Peace—whilom Quaker, now fair renegade and actress at Saddler's Wells, and a pretty piece likewise—pardon the quip! He's mad in love. Mad jealous, too. He'll beat a man if he clap her not enough, and he'll beat a man if he clap her too well. Egad, I believe, did she but know how to play her cards, she'd be his countess yet! And, sweet Kitty, when a man is as far gone in love as this same Mandeville, any other woman, be she as fair as Venus, is no more to him than the veriest hag."

There are limits to the endurance even of a pretty woman's pride. That Kitty Bellairs should live to be told, by a man, that, by any possibility, she . . . "And I'll have you know, sir—you who think yourself so well posted in the news of the town—that my Lord Mandeville and that Mistress Peace have not been on speaking terms these ten days, and that his lordship has been courting me steadily these six. I'll have you know, sir, that his lordship is in sad need of fortune, in sad need of settled life—in fine, sir, of such a wife as your humble servant—and that this masked ball, at which his Royal Highness is to be present, and which you are pleased to-night to grace with your company, is given, sir, by his lordship's sister, Lady Flo, in honor of Mistress Bellairs"

"Kitty," said Mr. Stafford, "you left one thing out of your calculations."

"And pray what may that be?"

"You've never known anything of it yet, though I vow you've seen it oft enough; and 'tis something, my dear, that, when once you know it, you'll let all the world go by just for the sake of it—Lord Mandeville knows it, and that is why, for all your wit and all your beauty and all your money, you'll not meet your match in him."

Kitty drew back, her lips curling in scorn. "And this marvellous something?"

"'Tis but Love, my dear lady."

She had known what he was going to say, and yet it enraged her when he had said it. And so did the groan with which O'Hara echoed the word. "My pelisse, Lydia!" she cried sharply. "My fan, girl. I verily believe I shall turn lunatic myself if I listen to these lunatics a moment longer. Call up the footmen!"

Yet, as Mr. Stafford was *facile princeps* among the *finest beaux* in town, she was fain to accept his hand as far as the coach, were it only for the effect upon the gentlemen hopelessly waiting in the anteroom.

Mr. O'Hara caught the maid by the arm as she would have followed her mistress: "By Heaven, this is bad news for me! And since when, Miss Lydia, has your divine mistress fixed her heart upon that devil?"

"Her heart!" sneered Lydia, and tossed her head—she being of Mr. Stafford's opinion on the matter.

"Lydia, me darling, if that Mandeville comes here after her, think of me and poison his tea for him, and I'll give you the finest diamond necklace in the world—if I have to go to the Road for it."

He was desperately in earnest. There were beads of anguish on his brow and a grey pallor upon his gallant comeliness. Yet, as he slid his arm imploringly round the girl's waist, and felt how slim and trim it was, he could not help giving it a tender squeeze—for its own sake.

"Get along with you!" cried Lydia, with a vigorous push which landed him on the other side of the door.

Left alone, she stood in deep reflection. Then she shook herself and began folding and putting away her mistress's garments with sharp movements which betrayed much inner irritation. All at once she paused. A large pictorial card of invitation elegantly engraved by Mr. Bartolozzi, requesting Mrs. Bellairs's presence at Lady Flora Dare-Stamer's mansion at Elm Park that evening, caught her attention.

"La! She's forgotten the ticket!" As she spoke the word half aloud, a sudden gleam leaped into her eye, succeeded by a slow, malicious smile. Lydia nodded her head as if in answer to some inner suggestion; and, slipping the card into the bosom of her gown, and snatching a cloak, straightway left the house.

II

"THOUGH your lordship does not dance, I trust he sups," said the little pink domino.

Lord Mandeville, lying back so languidly on the settee that his head reposed on the back of it and his legs stretched to quite insolent length before him, turned a lazy eye upon the small rosy mask who sat very upright by his side.

These two had drawn apart into a deserted boudoir and, through wide-open double doors, looked forth on the brilliant *thor*, ever shifting with ever-changing effect in the great *bal*-room beyond. Out there, all was noise with music and high voices and laughter, all was movement, white light and flashing color. Here within, there was a padded stillness, an artful pink-waxed dimness—a small silence, just for two.

Lord Mandeville yawned without taking the trouble to raise the large white hand that lay inert upon his knees. ("Not even O'Hara," thought Mistress Kitty, "has better teeth; not even Stafford has a better leg!") And that languid eye of his roamed from the tip of a pink shoe, artfully peeping, to where the parting folds of the pink domino first betrayed an entrancing vision of the fall of an exquisite waistline, and next the rise of a still more exquisite bosom, a pearly peep of which was triumphantly hidden by a tiny black star.

Resting his gaze at leisure on the round saucy chin, just clear of the hanging lace of the mask, his lordship drawled at length: "I don't mind supping, if you sit beside me, rosy unknown."

Here he lifted one of his inert hands with so indifferent a gesture that Kitty was quite surprised to find it next clasping her waist—and pretty tightly, too. Her heart gave a leap, mingled doubt and scorn. Did he guess . . . ? Bah! Men were all alike! Disengaging herself, she remarked with sudden asperity: "Keep yourself under control, my lord, or we shall quarrel."

He raised his sandy eyebrows a fraction higher than nature had already drawn them, and slipped the rebuked hand contentedly into the pocket of his embroidered waistcoat. "I, quarrel? 'Tis vastly too much trouble. I'm the most peaceable man alive."

"Oh, all the world knows," cried the Pink Domino—and through her mask her black eyes stabbed him like fine stilettos—"that your lordship is notoriously a lover of Peace!"

For a second, between his drooping lids there shot at her as it were the gleam of a blade before which her own small weapons were but toys. Half-way up the pallor of his cheek there crept a hesitating sullen flush; but, the next instant light and glow had faded again and his countenance was once more that empty mask of manhood which so few had ever seen animated. His

waistcoat shook over a faint chuckle which found no expression on his lips.

"When I find something better than peace, I may love it dearer."

"Oh, vastly well!" cried Kitty with an angry titter. Not so easy to manage, this man, after all; he must be stirred from his contemptuous ease, at any cost!—"And sure none of your lordship's well-wishers would object, I'm told, were it only—peace and honor!"

Lord Mandeville shifted himself in his seat so as to bring his full indifferent eye straight upon the mask. "Honor is a monstrous big word on little lips," said he, without this time betraying the smallest emotion. "But most of you fine ladies, I vow, know not even how to spell it."

"Alas, my lord," cried the Pink Domino sharply, "if all one hears be true, how many have you taught to spell . . . its opposite?"

Lord Mandeville took his hand out of his pocket and slapped it on his knee.

"My dear," said he, "if you'll take off that mask, I'll make your pretty lips spell some nice little words of one syllable that I trow will not be new to them."

Mistress Bellairs looked at him a moment in deep reflection before answering. Here, beside her, was the most notorious roué in the kingdom; he who, if rumor spoke truly, could make what he liked of half the fine ladies in London and disdained the trouble. Why had she also set her heart on him? What was there, then, about him? He was in difficulties through his own recklessness; he was of no higher family than a dozen

others and vastly less handsome than some. His eyes were too prominent under too arched brows; his face too pale, his hair too sandy. Pride, pride, disdain, *ennui*, sat on his languid eyelid, on his full underlip, on his thrust-out cleft chin. What, then, was there about him? Something there must have been, in sooth, for Kitty swore by all her little gods that she would bring him to her feet.

"Pray, my lord, how do they spell manners in your school?" she asked.

"Much as they spell fiddle-de-dee in yours, my dear. Tut! off with your wizard, pink butterfly, and to our bargain!"

"Nay, sir, I'll have you know it takes two to make a bargain."

"In faith and I hope—else it would be dull work! You are elementary, madam. Why, 'tis one of the first examples in grammar one learns to decline."

"Oh, to decline," quoth she pointedly, "I'll need no teaching to do that here, my lord!"

He again turned toward her. Tiny flecks of light were dancing in the eyes he fixed upon her. Kitty saw that she had begun not only to amuse but to tantalize. Her heart swelled with anticipation of triumph. Not only the easy kiss to be withheld until it was asked for in other fashion than this, but the sight of that little face of hers, which Kitty believed herself was the most fascinating in all the town, to be denied until that ripe moment when it should shine forth before the assembled beauties of the great supper table and be acclaimed beyond compare: that of his bride!

A Grey Domino, dove-grey from head to foot, tall and of very slight figure—so much only the close falling folds allowed the eye to apprise—had been leaning against the archway, looking in upon them. Now she glided across the room, and, to Kitty's extreme displeasure, sat down upon the other side of Lord Mandeville. The latter, however, did not seem to prize the *tête-à-tête* so highly. He glanced round with a smile.

"A grey moth!" said he, "and a pink butterfly! Well, ladies, I have a large heart."

The Grey Domino sighed faintly but with an echo as of great sadness.

"Grey is a fair color," said Lord Mandeville suddenly and irrelevantly addressing his own diamond-buckled shoe. "A man can live with greys where your reds will sicken him in an hour."

His face softened, as he spoke, in an almost incredible manner and his eye lost itself as if in the contemplation of a tender vision. Kitty knew that he was thinking of his play-actress and cursed the fine London lady—surely a fine London lady if a guest at Elm Park this night—whose freak for a Quakerish color had put her own rosy brilliance at discount.

The Grey Domino sighed again. "Grey is the color of fading light," said she. She spoke in a voice obviously feigned, but even then it was a soft one. "I ask myself what it is doing here."

"It's resting my eyes," said his lordship abruptly.

"Verily, a strange place for you, too, sir, if rest is what you are seeking."

Kitty's pulses began to beat very quickly. She had pricked her ear at the sound of the "verily." "May be that your lordship," said she, addressing him, but answering his mysterious neighbor, "will find more truth in light and color after all than in these demure greys. What is grey but tarnished white?"

Grey Domino gave a little start and something like the ghost of a cry.

Lord Mandeville rolled his eyes from the pink to the grey. Then he put his own hand suddenly on the slender grey-gloved hand that was peeping out of the great muffing sleeve and turned his back upon Mistress Kitty. "I came here to try and forget."

Kitty could hardly believe that this was the hard, mocking voice she was familiar with.

"And can you forget?"

"Aha!" thought the little angry listener, "Grey Domino omits to disguise her tones."



The four gentlemen waiting in the blue parlor

—the lady's flowery silks and satins billowed round her as she swept an annihilating courtesy—"and I'll have you know, sir, that this same masque, in my honor, is to no other end than that his lordship may finally conclude matters with a lady of his own world, worthier of his attentions than this play-actress. My Lord Mandeville commissioned his sister to find him beauty and money and wit, sir—I leave it to you to say if she has succeeded!"



You are monstrous impudent, sir!"

She could not distinguish his next words, which were whispered into the newcomer's ear. But the answer to them, though low-spoken—with a little break between tears and smiles—Kitty caught, with a fierce pounce, as she lay in wait like a cat for a mouse.

Said Grey Domino:

"Ah, my lord, ah, Lionel . . . thee knows!"

What Lord Mandeville knew Kitty did not pause to ask, but she herself knew enough. She sprang to her feet. "Peace be with thee, friend Mandeville," she cried with an angry titter, paused a second to have the satisfaction of seeing the Grey Domino again start and wince—to have the humiliation of meeting the careless momentary glance that Lord Mandeville threw at her before dismissing her existence from his mind.

Then she hurried forth, fluttering her feathers in a vast state of fume and virtuous indignation, not unmixed with scorn for the worthlessness of the ob-



"If you'll take off that mask . . ."

ject. It was monstrous, it was not to be borne, that honest women should be brought in contact with such creatures! To push her audacity into pursuing him into his own sister's house—the hussy! A Quaker, a renegade at that! a fool into the bargain!—"Thee knows!"—and to call herself an actress!

Kitty paused to consider for a moment with artistic regret how she would have treated the situation. Then she pursued her angry hunt for her hostess. Such things were not to be permitted to pass unpunished. The quality must be protected, insolence exposed!

She discovered Lady Flora easily enough; no domino could disguise those rotund proportions; nor could the jolly fat laugh be kept by mask or hood within bounds of secrecy.

Kitty swiftly drew her aside and poured forth her tale. At the news of so dangerous a presence in her house and the consequent failure of their plans, the anger of Lord Mandeville's sister was for the moment quite satisfactory.

"Tut-tut! A pretty story! How dare the trollop—la! dear, how you do pinch—quite so. I agree with you, but you need not shake me, child, I'm not going to stand it! But what is to do?"

Kitty had her plan. It had sprung like Minerva ready armed from her excited brain. Lady Flora listened with but half attention—the supper-room was thrown open, the music had already ceased. The best part of the entertainment, from her point of view, was about to begin. After a second she chuckled: Kitty's idea seemed to promise sport.

"Capital," she cried, "capital! I leave it all to you." Her mind flew off again to fat capon and Sillery. "But be brief. We are actually keeping his Royal Highness waiting!"

The authorization was all that Kitty Bellairs demanded. She was only anxious to be given a free hand. For a second she stood in a corner of the ballroom, as if in reflection, watching the scene as each silken beau sought his favorite mask and partners interchanged or clung together in anticipation of the procession to supper. But all the while she never lost sight of the little pink alcove-room, as the cat watches the mouse-hole: she knew that there was no other exit from it and that her prey could not escape.

"Supper, supper!" cried Lady Flo jovially, her fat mitten hand resting on the boyish arm of the royal guest.

"May I have the delight?" said Mr. Stafford in Kitty's ear. "I've been seeking you all evening."

To his surprise she accepted with alacrity and thereupon advanced with him into the room toward the pompous figure of that elderly and renowned buck, Mr. Colthurst of Glares, who was playing his usual rôle of master of ceremonies. At the same instant the tall figures of Grey Domino and her cavalier appeared in the archway.

Kitty's hour had struck.

"Pray, sir," said she to Mr. Colthurst, "have you not forgot your duties? Is it not to be masks off?"

He rolled a dubious and prominent eye: "I thought . . . at the supper table," said he.

"Pooh!" cried Kitty, with a scornful titter behind her wizard. "C'est là une mode bien passée, cher monsieur! Have you not heard that where his Royal Highness is to sup no one sits down in disguise?"

Stafford stared in amaze at Rose Domino. What was the new scheme? Mr. Colthurst on his side hesitated. But his glance appraised the film of priceless lace, the flash of a great ruby at her throat, while his ear seized the assurance of tone, the purity of the French accent. Here was some very great lady—and there was a new rule and he had not known it! He flushed purple: "Masks off!" he exclaimed in commanding tones, clapping

ping his hands. "Every lady must this moment unmask!"

Kitty had been among the first to obey the mandate she had herself inspired—the better to breathe her triumph. She had succeeded: the Quaker was trapped! She could almost hear how Lord Mandeville whispered in the ear of his frightened partner: "Leave it to me. I will manage."

"Shall you, my lord, shall you?" cried the little widow vindictively to herself. And, drawing Stafford swiftly with her, she took up her post within easy distance of the seat to which Lord Mandeville had retreated in the evident hope of remaining unnoticed in the crowd. It was then that Stafford began to guess something of Kitty's manoeuvre. He recognized the "noble quarry," and saw beside him the dove-grey mask with whom his lordship seemed indeed much occupied.

"Oho! Sits the wind in that quarter? Has some new thing of wit, of wealth and of beauty stolen a march upon our delicious Kitty?—Why, then, as poor O'Hara is so fond of saying, there will be wigs on the green?" (Little, however, did the genial gentleman realize what wigs.)

Kitty looked eagerly round the room. Thus far, so many fair ones still preferred the delicate joys of dalliance, so many lingered to whisper a last audacious or coquettish word under safe cover, that Grey Domino could evoke no comment. Mistress Bellairs raised a shrill protest. She felt herself the ineptitude of it. A few turned in surprise, a few in admiration, to glance at the little face, which, quivering with passion, had never looked more brilliantly pretty. But the young Bath widow was scarcely known yet in Town. And here a fading duchess shrugged a shoulder—there a beau raised his glass to appraise *en connisseur*: no more did she avail. Still unnoticed, Grey Domino was in safety and Lord Mandeville was whispering unpunished in her ear. Quick as lightning Kitty turned to Stafford:

"Up with you!" she bade him in a fierce undertone. "It is the right of you men to claim, 'Masks off!'"

He looked at her with a sort of lazy amusement as she trembled beside him. Then, whether to please her, whether from a curiosity to see the end of the comedy, prepared to humor her.

Beau Stafford was a power in the narrow world of Fashion. The mere fact of his advance into the room secured silence.

"Fie, fie!" he cried. "Why will our fair ones be so fair yet so unfair! . . . Gentlemen, insist upon your rights—your hour has come! Off with those ugly barriers behind which we have been baited and mocked all night!"

He was interrupted by bursts of laughter. Masculine hands were outstretched; little white ones repelled them. It was a pretty uproar. His Royal Highness was vastly amused. Emboldened, Mr. Stafford raised his voice higher: "Nay, then—he that fails to get the vision of his lady's face—let him pass as a discarded knight . . . ! And the fair one who still denies—why, faith, let her pass as one who had better hide!"

He laughed out loud himself, the genial beau, as he ran a swift eye over the length of the room. That last neat thrust of his had reached home! Not a lady but had swiftly whipped off the offending wizard. He was retiring, well satisfied, to Kitty's side, when his arm was nipped between little fingers of steel.

"Look to your right!" ordered Mrs. Bellairs.

And truly, there sat the Grey Domino, still masked; and beside her, aroused for once in his life, with countenance changing from livid pallor to crimson—Lord Mandeville, with furious eyes, challenging.

These were days when if a gentleman did not hold blood cheap he was not worthy the blood of a gentleman! It was these challenging eyes that Mr. Stafford hastened to answer now, rather than Kitty's implied command.

"So ho, my lord, do you plead guilty—or does your partner?"

There was a flutter that cleared the space around him. Kitty negligently flirted her fan. Things were on the move at last. "And if it pleases me that my partner should remain unmasked—what then, Mr. Stafford?"

"Why, then, your lordship has doubtless good reasons. But 'tis not for me to give the verdict, since his lordship has a right to be judged by his peers."

So saying, he drew back. But matters were indeed moving as Kitty had pronounced. Curiosity was aroused. Ay, and jealousy. The men were now all agog about the mysterious stranger; the ladies were dying to know who could have made so swift a conquest where most had tried and failed. The prince was observed to question Lady Flora, and the latter began to display some flurry. She was anxious, indeed, as Kitty noted with much wrath, to lead him forthwith to the supper-room. But his curiosity was piqued; he pleasantly but firmly resisted.

There was clamor and counter-clamor. Grey Domino sat very still; Lord Mandeville, crouching a little forward, looked from one to the other, not unlike a wild beast, selecting his prey. Suddenly he sprang to his feet and touched the hilt of his sword, snarling against the laughing cries: "Unmask, unmask!"

"And I say she shall not!"

There fell a dead silence. This sudden turn toward tragedy was unexpected; not at all in good taste! Lady Flora looked extremely annoyed, while, with the exquisite tact that always characterized him, his Royal Highness pointedly drew attention to the charming design of her Venetian chandeliers. The poor hostess laid her hand on his arm and again murmured: "Supper!" But he, with airy gesture of admiration toward the ceiling (painted by Thornhill), contrived to advance quite a couple of yards nearer the interesting group.

As Lord Mandeville had touched his sword he had looked again darkly at Mr. Stafford. And Mr. Stafford had instantly taken one step forward and repeated the gesture with cheerful alacrity. It was as discreet as an interchange of Masonic amenities. But behind her mask, Grey Domino's eyes shifted from one to the other.

"Come," said Lord Mandeville then, with sudden decision, and laid his hand on her shoulder.

Grey Domino rose, but it was not to obey. For the first time in the scene in which she was so deeply interested, she lifted her voice: a low, soft voice it was, yet heard all through the room. "Nay," she said, "God forbid that hand should touch sword because of my folly. I will even uncover my face."

Under hands that trembled a little, Grey Domino's mask fell, and the face of Rachel Peace was revealed to the assembly. There was a sudden indrawing of breath; a rustle and creak of silk as if upon a gasp of surprise; then a deep silence in which the very walls seemed to take eyes; and then a low quick murmur.

The countenance of Rachel Peace, among all these flushed and rouged faces, looked strangely pale. As those who knew her remembered, her head usually drooped a little from a long, slender neck; but now, held high, it took a poise of pride. Hers was the countenance of one that thought, of one that suffered! There were many more beautiful present, there were some of the noblest in the land; but beside this poor actress, in her hour of humiliation, how inane, how vapid did they show: the Fine Ladies beside the Woman! Rachel Peace moved slow eyes from one to another, and there was not a man that moment that did not envy Lord Mandeville. There was also not a dame but would have cheerfully signed the girl's death-warrant, save, perhaps, Lady Flora, whose good-natured soul was chiefly concerned at such a to-do in her house at such an interruption to good appetite. But with the prince's now grave presence by her side, and goaded as she was by looks, shrugs, whispers, by whole batteries of inarticulate feminine spite, she felt forced to take action. She could be a very great lady when she chose.

"Pray, madam," she said, advancing in dignity, "to what do I owe the honor?"

The slow eyes turned to her. Then Rachel Peace spoke again: "Alas, madam," she answered with simplicity; "there is no excuse that I can offer for my intrusion. I can only beg your ladyship to allow me to withdraw."

She moved forward and curseyed to the prince with the imitable grace and measure of one to whom the art of movement has become second nature, and on the same instant an unexpected utterance pronounced the verdict of the evening.

"I feel sure," said the young prince, "that wherever Miss Rachel Peace appears she may reckon upon a welcome."

And thereupon he clapped his hand twice, lightly, as if applauding her from the Royal Box in her own playhouse; and on the instant every gentleman in the company followed the august example. And Rachel Peace made her exit to the familiar sound of acclamations.

At the door she looked back over her shoulder and found Lord Mandeville close to her. He took her hand and kissed it ceremoniously.

"Nay," she said to him, "I pray you let me go alone!" But before the flame in his eye her own sank. She suffered him to lead her forth.

"I vow," said the prince to Lady Flora as they moved toward the supper-room, "I am indeed ready to do justice to the famed *cuisine* of Elm-Park House!" (So was Lady Flo.)

Mr. Stafford drew a deep sigh and seemed to wake as from a dream: "By the Lord," said he to himself, "I can not regret what I have done. No, not though I'm like to have to make an early morning of it at carte and terce with my lord. Gad—but she's a pearl! And the dog is in too much luck!"

The next instant his eye lighted upon Kitty almost in surprise: he had actually forgot her.

"Well, Mr. Stafford," said she, in a concentrated undertone, "you've made a pretty mess of everything to-night!"

Kitty did not bear defeat graciously. But Kitty, with her large eyes softened by a mist of angry tears, red lips trembling in babyish fashion, was no such unattractive spectacle. And Mr. Stafford smiled involuntarily upon her.

"Bah," she pursued, "there's not a man that knows how to behave to a lady! How dared you clap your hands at the creature? Oh," said she, with a catch in her breath, "if my poor O'Hara had been here!"

Lord Mandeville paused. He and Rachel Peace stood alone in the hall.

"Sweetheart," he said, "I have asked no question yet! But now I must know. How come you here?"

She turned her face toward him and tried to look up. But her eyes fell.

"You parted from me in anger, my heart was like to break, all those days. To-night—it was after the play—I had no courage left. A woman came to me—one I did not know—and she put an invitation card into my hand, and said to me, 'Go if—'"

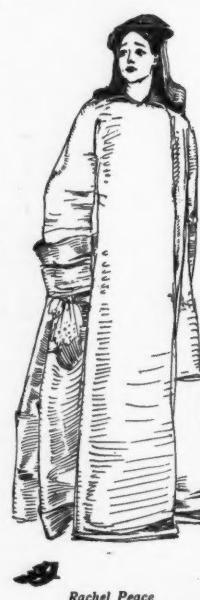
"If what?"

"'If I would not lose you,' she said. I saw it was inscribed to the name of the lady—oh, my lord, to the name of her whom people say you are to wed! And so I was seized with madness, I think—and so I came."

Then, as once before this evening, she raised her head in pride.

"Let them think what they will of me," she added, "but thee knows, my lord, there is no reason why I should not stand among your sister's guests!"

Again he bent and kissed her hand: "Do I not know it but too well?" he made answer. "Ah, Rachel, you are my despair and my glory!"



Rachel Peace

ONE MUST LIVE



Miss Marie Van Vorst and Mrs. John Van Vorst have spent several months as workers in mills and factories in different parts of the country. They worked in the shoe factories of Lynn; in the cotton mills of South Carolina; in Pittsburgh, Perry and Chicago. In order that they might experience the same conditions which confront all women who must earn their living in the mills, they assumed fictitious names and dwelt in boarding-houses

LONG BEFORE Emerson in gentle socialism invited his cook to eat with him and was given warning by the "servant lady," who said succinctly, "If Mr. Emerson can stand it, I can't," philanthropists, sociologists and benefactors have come face to face with the knowledge that they have approached at the wrong end their problem to help the masses. It is no uncommon thing for the would-be well-doer to regret his effort and feel that his sacrifice has been in vain. Often the stone flung at the philanthropist is sent by the very hand that kindness sought to clasp. When in 1902 I went to work in the shoe factories of Lynn and the cotton mills of the South, I had no theory to elaborate. Under these circumstances I feel sure that the lack of preconceived ideas regarding the working woman rendered my mind peculiarly fresh to impressions. I had no prejudice for the toiler versus the manufacturer; indeed, presumably representing the consumer and the leisure class, my sympathies would naturally be with the individuals of whom I was most representative.

I have been privately and publicly asked what struck me most forcibly in my contact with the Woman of the People. It is not possible to answer this by a single reply. One appalling thing above all in the Southern mills is the inequality of the struggle represented between labor and capital.

It will take more than one generation to develop the indigenous tribe known as "poor white trash" to the mental and physical stature of the Northerner. Certainly, more than one generation; when we consider—as we are in duty bound to do, though the subject be deemed threadbare—the fact that twenty thousand children under twelve are employed in mills; that thousands will be still employed, even under the new laws—for it must be taken into mature consideration that the present laws legislate only for the child of ten years. Any liberal-minded Southerner will tell you that this law will be evaded. Whether it is or not—what is a human being from ten years old to thirteen but an infant, to be protected, fostered and educated?

I touch on the child question because it is of enormous importance in its relation to the character of the woman of the mills. The existence of infant labor brutalizes the mother and hardens the elder children.

This winter I went South, to the mill village district, side by side with an emaciated woman who looked forty and who was but twenty-eight. Her costume was a calico dress, a thin coat and an old straw hat. She had with her two miserable children—little boys, of seven and ten respectively, stunted and under-developed. All three had racking coughs—filth and poverty were written upon them. They were so odorous that I dreaded their proximity.

"Where are you going?"

"To a new mill."

"What was the matter with the old?"

"Turned off—there wasn't any more work. My husband wrote for me to come on to Radly's."

"How long have you been a mill-hand?"

"All my life."

"Your little boys won't work?"

"I guess I'll keep the littlest home awhile—but '*he-all*' will work."

"*He-all*" might have claimed the experience of ten times his age. Huddled into his jacket, he turned his red, spiritless eyes upon me; his cough racked him.

"He is sickly," she continued. "Sick 'most all day Sundays, but he gets up right *pearl* to the mill."

As I was travelling incognito, I had no wish to proclaim myself by too great attention to the woman; but I ventured that I thought ten years old a little young to work in the mill.

"He ain't any better than his maw," she said. "I've got to work; always did."

The ride was hours long. The three sat together in one seat and watched the country seen from the cars—for the first time by two of the travellers. But the mother's eyes were careless of novelties of any kind. She was stupefied by a life of toil.

A Household of Toll

When we came slowly into Radly's, the three got out—first the little boys, clattering—then the woman. At the platform the father was waiting, a shadow of a man, yellow-hued—all bones and skin. He stood languidly, his arms hanging limp by his side, his clothes covered with cotton. The little group watched the train start away before taking their route—whither? To the handful of hovels, tossed up in the wilderness. Capital had purchased, felled and cleared miles to construct this enterprise—the mill and its dependencies. There rose some hundred little houses in a row, flanked by the



By Marie Van Vorst

brick mill—and down the sandy road, slowly, reluctantly, side by side, the little family took its way.

I venture to draw this picture, for it is a life sketch of the workers—a typical household on its pilgrimage from toil to toil. This is the environment wherein a Southern mill-girl is born, unless she comes directly from the hills.

The difference between the factory-girl of New England and the South is marked. In contrast with the Massachusetts girl—brisk, democratic, intelligent—she is like another race. The difference between Maggie O'Grady, who taught me, in Lynn, to press shoes, and Jennie, in the Compton mills, is enormous.

Maggie, on nights when she is not "too dead beat," may go with her "steady," to a fifty-cent show through the streets of a cheerful, bustling, agreeable little town. Her "young man" is a shoe-hand, like herself—an honest fellow, ready to marry her, ready to take from her the burden of ten hours' labor a day.

The Advantages of New England

And then for her children there are free schools and the State will force them to go to them. She may regale her noon hour with a walk through the high street and feast her eyes on whatever the windows have to offer, and at least look at the luxuries which others may buy, and which she may imitate with the expenditure of her surplus at the month's end. She has some education, she reads the papers, she reflects, she has ideas, and she is alive. She works, indeed, ten hours a day, and she has no Saturday holiday; but for Maggie, here and there—thanks to her environment and the vigilance of labor unions and organizations—there is a rift in the sky of life.

Her sister in toil, Jennie, of the Southern mills, has been picked up from her hill home by a canvassing overseer. She has been taken from a single-room cabin, where she was one of eighteen in a room. With these traditions of herding and careless morality back of her, she is brought out into what we call—*Civilization*.

Before she can open her dazed eyes and collect her few senses—"half worried" out of her by the "kyars"—she is in the mill. From that moment (she may have been an animal before, she was at least free), *from that moment she is a slave*.

Reflect a little. She will work on and on until she dies an old woman? Scarcely! It is not likely that she will attain old age, although, of course, she may do so. More probably some horrible mill disease will claim her body, exhausted by thirteen hours' toil a day. . . .

I shall not forget the impression made upon me when I returned from my work as a cotton spinner, when I picked up the book entitled, "Is Life Worth Living?" by W. H. Mallock. This is a charming treatise, written for the luxurious leisure people who are too happy to know that they are happy.

Is the life of Jennie the spooler worth living? Who can answer this? Since the millionaire is forced to consult text-books to inform himself of the worth of his existence, it must be conceded that, in the case of this poor creature, the exegesis would be too ponderous to undertake!

Out of twenty-four hours she sleeps six, when she

* The thirteen-hour day is so designated in the State, although out of this time must be subtracted the half or three-quarters of an hour recess at noon.

with their fellow-toilers. They lived the life and performed the work of the factory girl and the mill-hand. They saw the inside of the cheerless existence of these women workers. They have written "The Woman Who Tolls," a powerful book which lays bare the truth in all its wretchedness. The present article is, in a way, supplementary to the book, and will be followed in a later Household Number by an article by Mrs. Van Vorst.

is not "too tyard to sleep at all." Her repasts are corn scones, ham, hominy and bacon—never varied. Her average wage throughout the South is according to the Union man 80 cents a day; according to the manufacturer 100 cents a day. The reader may strike his own average, or choose his authority.

The mill-girl's wants are few. This we will acknowledge, and let it be all the satisfaction that it may to the cheerful mind who longs to find her happy. *If it is so great an advantage to have one's needs limited, why are the needs of the woman of another class so bewilderingly many?*

Her requirements are in proportion to her enlightenment. Just as soon as she is cognizant of anything beyond her limited position, she wants it. She is as intelligent as her New England sister, the shoemaker. She is as human as her slave-master's wife.

"I'm powerful fond o' foran travel"—Jennie, before her speeders, tells you this—"only I ain't had much 'casion for it." Meanwhile Carnegie, in order to give his little daughter just the suite of rooms that pleases his fancy, has the interior of an ocean greyhound remodelled, while the delayed passengers fume.

Squalor of Southern Mill Settlements

To continue the routine of Jennie's life. She has never been taught to read. There is no town within four hours' ride on the cars for her. Her Sundays in the winter time are spent in the house, more roomy than her mountain home, but scarcely less dirty, for no one has time or interest to clean up.

Sometimes she will return at night, at eight o'clock (having worked over hours), to find illness staring her in the face. Two of the four women with whom she shares her bedroom have pneumonia, and will arise from it fraile—more easy victims to the consumption, which runs like a curse through the mill settlements of the South. She will also find hill fever, malaria and typhoid constant foes that she must dread and avoid.

If she escapes disease and keeps her robust health, there are other dangers for her.

Unlike the more fortunate New England mill-girls, who find their beauties for the most part chivalrous, Jennie has reason to fear her "sport." She is in many instances homeless; she "boards." In the loft next to her sleep five men. There is no door to her bed-chamber.

After a year or two in the mills her face has hardened; her eyes grow vigilant. If she has any morals left, she has become a fighter, a defender of herself. Whether yielding or impregnated, Jennie in certain settlements carries a knife in the belt of her wrapper.

You will quote to me here that she has been brought out of surroundings no less appalling. I tell you in return that she has been brought into what we are proud to call *Civilization*, what we believe to be progress, and I claim that her dangers are as great as, if not greater than, those of the wilderness.

I am glad to tell Christendom (and I speak without sarcasm) that Jennie may, as a rule, go to church. There is in the most part of the mill settlements no form of amusement provided for her whatsoever, but there is often a church. In some instances, the mill-hands, out of their own savings—for they do, some of them, save—have built their own places of worship. It would be a sinecure were they to construct a theatre.

Who would play for them? What companies would bring amusements to these forgotten, sandy tracts? If the laborers are unconscious of the tragedy they present on the stage of life to us, it is well perhaps for them.

And here is an interesting point in question. They are unconscious; they know nothing different—their backs are calloused to their burdens.

"I don't want any seeds of discontent sown among my laborers. They don't know that there is anything better than what they have got just here."

These are the theories advanced by their employers; thus they choke their consciences lest responsibilities should hound them to activity, which would mean reduction of income.

Touch a man's pocket and you find his soul. In order to mitigate, to radically alter the condition



MARIE VAN VORST
In Her Working Clothes



NEW PORTRAITS OF FAIR WOMEN



The Hall Bedroom : By Mary E. Wilkins Freeman

Illustrated by Anna Whelan Betts and Ethel Franklin Betts

MY NAME is Mrs. Elizabeth Jennings. I am a highly respectable woman. I may style myself a gentlewoman, for in my youth I enjoyed advantages. I was well brought up, and I graduated at a young ladies' seminary. I also married well. My husband was that most genteel of all merchants, an apothecary. His shop was on the corner of the Main Street in Rockton, the town where I was born, and where I lived until the death of my husband. My parents had died when I had been married a short time, so I was left quite alone in the world. I was not competent to carry on the apothecary business by myself, for I had no knowledge of drugs, and had a mortal terror of giving poisons instead of medicines. Therefore I was obliged to sell at a considerable sacrifice, and the proceeds, some five thousand dollars, were all I had in the world. The income was not enough to support me in any kind of comfort, and I saw that I must in some way earn money. I thought at first of teaching, but I was no longer young, and methods had changed since my school days. What I was able to teach, nobody wished to know. I could think of only one thing to do: take boarders. But the same objection to that business as to teaching held good in Rockton. Nobody wished to board. My husband had rented a house with a number of bedrooms, and I advertised, but nobody applied. Finally my cash was running very low, and I became desperate. I packed up my furniture, rented a large house in this town and moved here. It was a venture attended with many risks. In the first place the rent was exorbitant, in the next I was entirely unknown. However, I am a person of considerable ingenuity, and have inventive power, and much enterprise when the occasion presses. I advertised in a very original manner, although that actually took my last penny, that is, the last penny of my ready money, and I was forced to draw on my principal to purchase my first supplies, a thing which I had resolved never on any account to do. But the great risk met with a reward, for I had several applicants within two days after my advertisement appeared in the paper. Within two weeks my boarding-house was well established, I became very successful, and my success would have been uninterrupted had it not been for the mysterious and bewildering occurrences which I am about to relate. I am now forced to leave the house and rent another. Some of my old boarders accompany me, some, with the most unreasonable nervousness, refuse to be longer associated in any way, however indirectly, with the terrible and uncanny happenings which I have to relate. It remains to be seen whether my ill luck in this house will follow me into another, and whether my whole prosperity in life will be forever shadowed by the Mystery of the Hall Bedroom. Instead of telling the strange story myself in my own words, I shall present the Journal of Mr. George H. Wheatcroft. I shall show you the portions beginning on January 18 of the present year, the date when he took up his residence with me. Here it is:

The Diary of an Ill-fated Man

"January 18, 1883. Here I am established in my new boarding-house. I have, as befits my humble means, the hall bedroom, even the hall bedroom on the third floor. I have heard all my life of hall bedrooms, I have seen hall bedrooms, I have been in them, but never until now, when I am actually established in one, did I comprehend what, at once, an ignominious and sternly uncompromising thing a hall bedroom is. It proves the ignominy of the dweller therein. No man at thirty-six (my age) would be domiciled in a hall bedroom, unless he were himself ignominious, at least comparatively speaking. I am proved by this means incontrovertibly to have been left far behind in the race. I see no reason why I should not live in this hall bedroom for the rest of my life, that is, if I have money enough to pay the landlady, and that seems probable, since my small funds are invested as safely as if I were an orphan-ward in charge of a pillar of a sanctuary. After the valuables have been stolen, I have most carefully locked the stable door. I have experienced the revulsion which comes sooner or later to the adventurous soul who experiences nothing but defeat and so-called ill luck. I have swung to the opposite extreme. I have lost in everything—I have lost in love, I have lost in money, I have lost in the struggle for preferment, I have lost in health and strength. I am now settled down in a hall-bedroom to live upon . . ."

my small income, and regain my health by mild potation of the mineral waters here, if possible; if not, to live here without my health—for mine is not a necessarily fatal malady—until Providence shall take me out of my hall bedroom. There is no one place more than another where I care to live. There is not sufficient motive to take me away, even if the mineral waters do not benefit me. So I am here and to stay in the hall bedroom. The landlady is civil, and even kind, as kind as a woman who has to keep her poor womanly eye upon the main chance can be. The struggle for money always injures the fine grain of a woman; she is too fine a thing to do it; she does not by nature belong with the gold-grubbers, and it therefore lowers her; she steps from heights to claw and scrape and dig. But she can not help it oftentimes, poor thing, and her deterioration thereby is to be condemned. The landlady is all she can be, taking her strain of adverse circumstances into consideration, and the table is good, even conscientiously so. It looks to me as if she were foolish enough to strive to give the boarders their money's worth, with the due regard for the main chance which is inevitable. However, that is of minor importance to me since my diet is restricted:

Diet and Psychology

It is curious what an annoyance a restriction in diet can be even to a man who has considered himself somewhat indifferent to gastronomic delights. There was to-day a pudding for dinner, which I could not taste without penalty, but which I longed for. It was only because it looked unlike any other pudding that I had ever seen, and assumed a mental and spiritual significance. It seemed to me, whimsically no doubt, as if tasting it might give me a new sensation, and consequently a new outlook. Trivial things may lead to large results: why should I not get a new outlook by means of a pudding? Life here stretches before me most monotonously, and I feel like clutching at alleviations, though paradoxically, since I have settled down with the utmost acquiescence. Still one can not immediately overcome and change radically all one's nature. Now I look at myself critically, and search for the keynote to my whole self, and my actions, I have always been conscious of a reaching out, an overweening desire for the new, the untried, for the broadness of further horizons, the seas beyond seas, the thought beyond thought. This characteristic has been the primary cause of all my misfortunes. I have the soul of an explorer, and in nine out of ten cases this leads to destruction. If I had possessed capital, and sufficient push, I should have been one of the searchers after the North Pole. I have been an eager student of astronomy. I have studied botany with avidity, and have dreamed of new flora in unexplored parts of the world, and the same with animal life and geology. I longed for riches in order to discover the power and sense of possession of the rich. I longed for love in order to discover the possibilities of the emotions. I longed for all that the mind of man could conceive as desirable for man, not so much for purely selfish ends, as from an insatiable thirst for knowledge of a universal trend. But I have limitations, I do not quite understand of what nature—for what mortal ever did quite understand his own limitations, since a knowledge of them would preclude their existence—but they have prevented my progress to any extent. Therefore behold me in my hall bedroom, settled at last into a groove of fate so deep that I have lost the sight of even my horizons. Just at present, as I write here, my horizon on the left, that is my physical horizon, is a wall covered with cheap paper. The paper is an indeterminate pattern in white and gilt. There are a few photographs of my own hung about, and on the large wall-space beside the bed there is a large oil painting which belongs to my landlady. It has a massive, tarnished gold frame, and curiously enough, the painting itself is rather good. I have no idea who the artist could have been. It is of the conventional landscape type in vogue some fifty years since, the type so fondly reproduced in chromos—the winding river with the little boat occupied by a pair of lovers, the cottage nestled among trees on the right shore, the gentle slope of hills and the church spire in the background—but still it is well done. It gives me the impression of an artist without the slightest originality of design, but much of technique. But for some inexplicable reason the picture frets me. I find myself gazing at it when I do not wish to do so. It seems to compel my attention

like some intent face in the room. I shall ask Mrs. Jennings to have it removed. I will hang in its place some photographs which I have in a trunk.

"January 26. I do not write regularly in my journal. I never did. I see no reason why I should. I see no reason why any one should have the slightest sense of duty in such a matter. Some days I have nothing which interests me sufficiently to write out, some days I feel either too ill or too indolent. For four days I have not written, from a mixture of all three reasons. Now, to-day I both feel like it and I have something to write. Also I am distinctly better than I have been. Perhaps the waters are benefiting me, or the change of air. Or possibly it is something else more subtle. Possibly my mind has seized upon something new, a discovery which causes it to react upon my failing body, and serves as a stimulant. All I know is, I feel distinctly better and am conscious of an acute interest in doing so, which is of late strange to me. I have been rather indifferent, and sometimes have wondered if that were not the cause rather than the result of my state of health. I have been so continually balked that I have settled into a state of inertia. I lean rather comfortably against my obstacles. After all, the worst of the pain always lies in the struggle. Give up, and it is rather pleasant than otherwise. If one did not kick, the pricks would not in the least matter. However, for some reason, for the last few days, I seem to have awakened from my state of quiescence. It means future trouble for me no doubt, but in the meantime I am not sorry. It began with the picture—the large oil painting. I went to Mrs. Jennings about it yesterday, and she, to my surprise—for I thought it a matter that could be easily arranged—objected to having it removed. Her reasons were two; both simple, both sufficient, especially since I, after all, had no very strong desire either way. It seems that the picture does not belong to her. It hung here when she rented the house. She says if it is removed, a very large and unsightly discolored portion of the wall-paper will be exposed, and she does not like to ask for new paper. The owner, an old man, is travelling abroad, the agent is curt, and she has only been in the house a very short time. Then it would mean a sad upheaval of my room, which would disturb me. She also says that there is no place in the house where she can store the picture, and there is not a vacant space in another room for one so large. So I let the picture remain. It really, when I came to think of it, was very immaterial after all. But I got my photographs out of my trunk, and I hung them around the large picture. The wall is almost completely covered. I hung them yesterday afternoon, and last night I repeated a strange experience which I have had in some degree every night since I have been here, but was not sure whether it deserved the name of experience but was not rather one of those dreams in which one dreams one is awake. But last night it came again, and now I know. There is something very singular about this room. I am very much interested. I will write down for future reference the events of last night. Concerning those of the preceding nights since I have slept in this room, I will simply say that they have been of a similar nature, but, as it were, only the preliminary stages, the prologue to what happened last night.

The Mystery of the First Night

"I am not depending upon the mineral waters here as the one remedy for my malady, which is sometimes of an acute nature, and indeed constantly threatens me with considerable suffering unless by medicines I can keep it in check. I will say that the medicine which I employ is not of the class commonly known as drugs. It is impossible that it can be held responsible for what I am about to transcribe. My mind last night and every night since I have slept in this room was in an absolutely normal state. I take this medicine, prescribed by the specialist in whose charge I was before coming here, regularly every four hours while awake. As I am never a good sleeper, it follows that I am enabled with no inconvenience to take my medicine during the night with the same regularity as during the day. It is my habit, therefore, to place my bottle and spoon where I can put my hand upon them easily without lighting the gas. Since I have been in this room, I have placed the bottle of medicine upon my dresser at the side of the room opposite the bed. I have done this rather than place it nearer, as once I jostled the bottle and spilled most of the contents, and it is not



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SOME WOMEN

DRAWN BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

LIER'S WEEKLY



EN I PREFER DOGS

CHARLES DANA GIBSON

easy for me to replace it, as it is expensive. Therefore I placed it in security on the dresser, and, indeed, that is but three or four steps from my bed, the room being so small. Last night I wakened as usual, and I knew, since I had fallen asleep about eleven, that it must be in the neighborhood of three. I wake with almost clock-like regularity, and it is never necessary for me to consult my watch.

"I had slept unusually well and without dreams, and I awoke fully at once, with a feeling of refreshment to which I am not accustomed. I immediately got out of bed and began stepping across the room in the direction of my dresser, on which I had set my medicine-bottle and spoon.

"To my utter amazement, the steps which had hitherto sufficed to take me across my room did not suffice to do so. I advanced several paces, and my outstretched hands touched nothing. I stopped and went on again. I was sure that I was moving in a straight direction, and even if I had not been I knew it was impossible to advance in any direction in my tiny apartment without coming into collision either with a wall or a piece of furniture. I continued to walk falteringly, as I have seen people on the stage: a step, then a long falter, then a sliding step. I kept my hands extended; they touched nothing. I stopped again. I had not the least sentiment of fear or consternation. It was rather the very stupefaction of surprise. 'How is this?' seemed thundering in my ears. 'What is this?'

"The room was perfectly dark. There was nowhere any glimmer, as is usually the case, even in a so-called dark room, from the walls, picture-frames, looking-glass or white objects. It was absolute gloom. The house stood in a quiet part of the town. There were many trees about; the electric street lights were extinguished at midnight; there was no moon and the sky was cloudy. I could not distinguish my one window, which I thought strange, even on such a dark night. Finally I changed my plan of motion and turned, as nearly as I could estimate, at right angles. Now, I thought, I must reach soon, if I kept on, my writing-table underneath the window; or, if I am going in the opposite direction, the hall door. I reached neither. I am telling the unvarnished truth when I say that I began to count my steps and carefully measure my paces after that, and I traversed a space clear of furniture at least twenty feet by thirty—a very large apartment. And as I walked I was conscious that my naked feet were pressing something which gave rise to sensations the like of which I had never experienced before. As nearly as I can express it, it was as if my feet pressed something as elastic as air or water, which was in this case unyielding to my weight. It gave me a curious sensation of buoyancy and stimulation. At the same time this surface, if surface be the right name, which I trod, felt cool to my feet with the coolness of vapor or fluidity, seeming to overlap the soles. Finally I stood still; my surprise was at last merging into a measure of consternation. 'Where am I?' I thought. 'What am I going to do?' Stories that I had heard of travellers being taken from their beds and conveyed into strange and dangerous places, Middle Age stories of the Inquisition flashed through my brain. I knew all the time that for a man who had gone to bed in a commonplace hall bedroom in a very commonplace little town such surmises were highly ridiculous, but it is hard for the human mind to grasp anything but a human explanation of phenomena. Almost anything seemed then, and seems now, more rational than an explanation bordering upon the supernatural, as we understand the supernatural. At last I called, though rather softly. 'What does this mean?' I said quite aloud. 'Where am I? Who is here? Who is doing this? Tell you I will have no such nonsense. Speak, if there is anybody here.' But all was dead silence. Then suddenly a light flashed through the open transom of my door. Somebody had heard me—a man who rooms next door, a decent kind of man, also here for his health. He turned on the gas in the hall and called to me. 'What's the matter?' he asked in an agitated, trembling voice. He is a nervous fellow.

The Startled Neighbor

"Directly, when the light flashed through my transom, I saw that I was in my familiar hall bedroom. I could see everything quite distinctly—my tumbled bed, my writing-table, my dresser, my chair, my little washstand, my clothes hanging on a row of pegs, the old picture on the wall. The picture gleamed out with singular distinctness in the light from the transom. The river seemed actually to run and ripple, and the boat to be gliding with the current. I gazed fascinated at it, as I replied to the anxious voice:

"'Nothing is the matter with me,' said I. 'Why?'

"'I thought I heard you speak,' said the man outside. 'I thought maybe you were sick.'

"'No,' I called back. 'I am all right. I am trying to find my medicine in the dark, that's all. I can see now you have lighted the gas.'

"'Nothing is the matter?'

"'No; sorry I disturbed you. Good-night.'

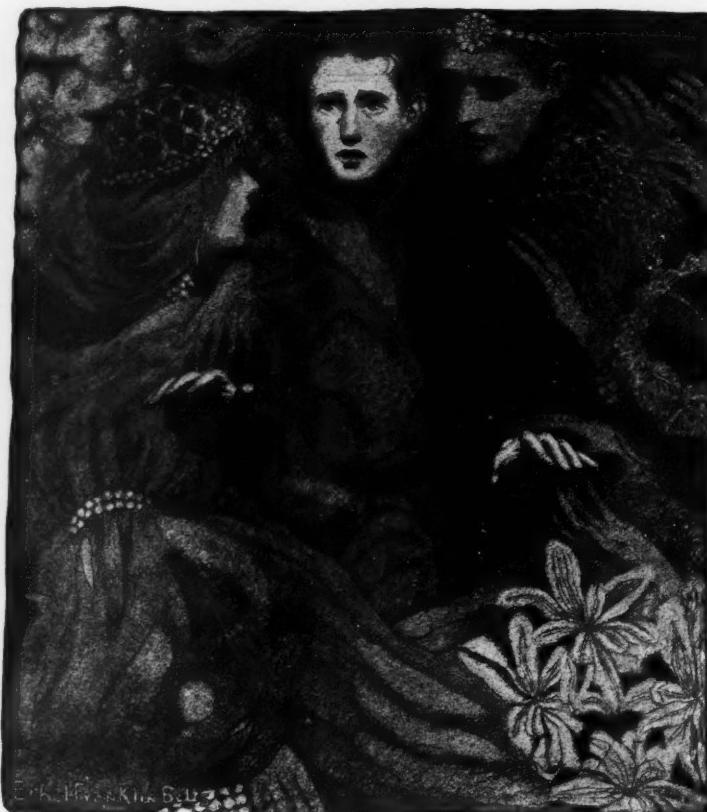
"'Good-night.' Then I heard the man's door shut after a minute's pause. He was evidently not quite satisfied. I took a pull at my medicine-bottle, and got into bed. He had left the hall-gas burning. I did not go to sleep again for some time. Just before I did so, some one, probably Mrs. Jennings, came out in the hall

and extinguished the gas. This morning when I awoke everything was as usual in my room. I wonder if I shall have any such experience to-night.

"January 27. I shall write in my journal every day until this draws to some definite issue. Last night my strange experience deepened, as something tells me it will continue to do. I retired quite early, at half-past ten. I took the precaution, on retiring, to place beside my bed, on a chair, a box of safety matches, that I might not be in the dilemma of the night before. I took my medicine on retiring; that made me due to wake at half-past two. I had not fallen asleep directly, but had had certainly three hours of sound, dreamless slumber when I woke. I lay a few minutes hesitating whether or not to strike a safety match and light my way to the dresser, whereon stood my medicine-bottle. I hesitated, not because I had the least sensation of fear, but because of the same shrinking from a nerve shock that leads one at times to dread the plunge into an icy bath. It seemed much easier to me to strike that match and cross my hall bedroom to my dresser, take my dose, then return quietly to my bed, than to risk the chance of floundering about in some unknown limbo either of fancy or reality.

Further Nocturnal Experiences

"At last, however, the spirit of adventure which has always been such a ruling one for me, conquered. I rose. I took the box of safety matches in my hand and started on, as I conceived, the straight course for my



"My groping hands touched living beings"

dresser, about five feet across from my bed. As before, I travelled and travelled and did not reach it. I advanced with groping hands extended, setting one foot cautiously before the other, but I touched nothing except the indefinite, unnameable surface which my feet pressed. All of a sudden, though, I became aware of something. One of my senses was saluted, nay, more than that, hailed, with impetuosity, and that was, strangely enough, my sense of smell, but in a hitherto unknown fashion. It seemed as if the odor reached my mentality first. I reversed the usual process, which is, as I understand it, like this: the odor when encountered strikes first the olfactory nerve, which transmits the intelligence to the brain. It is as if, to put it rudely, my nose met a rose, and then the nerve belonging to the sense said to my brain, 'Here is a rose.' This time my brain said, 'Here is a rose,' and my sense then recognized it. I say rose, but it was not a rose, that is, not the fragrance of any rose which I had ever known. It was undoubtedly a flower-odor, and rose came perhaps the nearest to it. My mind realized it first with what seemed a leap of rapture. 'What is this delight?' I asked myself. And then the ravishing fragrance smote my sense. I breathed it in and it seemed to feed my thoughts, satisfying some hitherto unknown hunger. Then I took a step further and another fragrance appeared, which I liken to lilies for lack of something better, and then came violets, then mignonette. I can not describe the experience, but it was a sheer delight, a rapture of sublimated sense. I groped further and further, and always into new waves of fragrance. I seemed to be wading breast high through flower-beds of Paradise, but all the time I touched nothing with my groping hands. At last a sudden giddiness, as of surfeit, overcame me. I realized that I might be in some unknown peril. I was distinctly afraid. I struck one of my safety matches, and I was in my hall bedroom, midway between my bed and my dresser. I took my dose of medicine and went to bed, and after a while fell asleep and did not wake till morning.

"January 28. Last night I did not take my usual dose of medicine. In these days of new remedies and mysterious results upon certain organizations, it occurred to me to wonder if possibly the drug might have, after all, something to do with my strange experience. I did not take my medicine. I put the bottle as usual on my dresser, since I feared if I interrupted further the customary sequence of affairs I might fail to wake. I placed my box of matches on the chair beside the bed. I fell asleep about quarter past eleven o'clock, and I awoke when the clock was striking two—a little earlier than my wont. I did not hesitate this time. I rose at once, took my box of matches and proceeded as formerly. I walked what seemed a great space without coming into collision with anything. I kept sniffing for the wonderful fragrances of the night before, but they did not recur. Instead, I was suddenly aware that I was tasting something, some morsel of sweetness hitherto unknown, and, as in the case of the odor, the usual order seemed reversed, and it was as if I tasted it first in my mental consciousness. Then the sweetness rolled under my tongue. I thought involuntarily of 'Sweeter than honey or the honeycomb' of the Scripture. I thought of the Old Testament manna. An ineffable content as of satisfied hunger seized me. I stepped further, and a new savor was upon my palate. And so on. It was never cloying, though of such sharp sweetness that it fairly stung. It was the merging of a material sense into a spiritual one. I said to myself, 'I have lived my life and always have I gone hungry until now.' I could feel my brain act swiftly under the influence of this heavenly food as under a stimulant. Then suddenly I repeated the experience of the night before. I grew dizzy, and an indefinite fear and shrinking were upon me. I struck my safety match and was back in my hall bedroom. I returned to bed, and soon fell asleep. I did not take my medicine. I am resolved not to do so longer. I am feeling much better.

"January 29. Last night to bed as usual, matches in place; fell asleep about eleven and awoke at half-past one. I heard the half-hour strike; I am waking earlier and earlier every night. I had not taken my medicine, though it was on the dresser as usual. I again took my match-box in hand and started to cross the room, and, as always, traversed strange spaces, but this night, as seems fated to be the case every night, my experience was different. Last night I neither smelled nor tasted, but I heard—my Lord, I heard! The first sound of which I was conscious was one like the constantly gathering and receding murmur of a river, and it seemed to come from the wall behind my bed where the old picture hangs. Nothing in nature except a river gives that impression of at once advance and retreat. I could not mistake it. On, ever on, came the swelling murmur of the waves, past and ever past they died in the distance. Then I heard above the murmur of the river a song in an unknown tongue, which I recognized as being unknown yet which I understood; but the understanding was in my brain with no words of interpretation. The song had to do with me, but with me in unknown futures for which I had no images of comparison in the past; yet a sort of ecstasy as of a prophecy of bliss filled my whole consciousness. The song never ceased, but as I moved on I came into new sound-waves. There was the pealing of bells which might have been made of crystal, and might have summoned to the gates of heaven. There was music of strange instruments, great harmonies pierced now and then by small whispers as of love, and it all filled me with a certainty of a future of bliss.

"At last I seemed the centre of a mighty orchestra which constantly deepened and increased until I seemed to feel myself being lifted gently but mightily upon the waves of sound as upon the waves of a sea. Then again the terror and the impulse to flee to my own familiar scenes was upon me. I struck my match, and was back in my hall bedroom. I do not see how I sleep at all after such wonders, but sleep I do. I slept dreamlessly until daylight this morning.

The Story of Strange Disappearances

"January 30. I heard yesterday something with regard to my hall bedroom which affected me strangely. I can not for the life of me say whether it intimidated me, filled me with the horror of the abnormal, or rather roused to a greater degree my spirit of adventure and discovery. I was down at the Cure, and was sitting on the veranda sipping idly my mineral water, when somebody spoke my name. 'Mr. Wheatcroft?' said the voice politely, interrogatively, somewhat apologetically, as if to provide for a possible mistake in my identity. I turned and saw a gentleman whom I recognized at once. I seldom forget names or faces. He was a Mr. Addison whom I had seen considerable of three years ago at a little summer hotel in the mountains. It was one of those passing acquaintances which signify little one way or the other. If never renewed, you have no regret; if renewed, you accept the renewal with no hesitation. It is in every way negative. But just now, in my feeble, friendless state, the sight of a face which beams with pleased remembrance is rather grateful. I felt distinctly glad to see the man. He sat down beside me. He also had a glass of the water. His health, while not as bad as mine, leaves much to be desired.

"Addison had often been in this town before. He

had in fact lived here at one time. He had remained at the Cure three years, taking the waters daily. He therefore knows about all there is to be known about the town, which is not very large. He asked me where I was staying, and when I told him the street, rather excitedly inquired the number. When I told him the number, which is 240, he gave a manifest start, and after one sharp glance at me sipped his water in silence for a moment. He had so evidently betrayed some ulterior knowledge with regard to my residence that I questioned him.

"What do you know about 240 Pleasant Street?" said I.

"Oh, nothing," he replied, evasively sipping his water.

"After a little, however, he inquired, in what he evidently tried to render a casual tone, what room I occupied. 'I once lived a few weeks at 240 Pleasant Street myself,' he said. 'That house always was a boarding-house, I guess.'

"It had stood vacant for a term of years before the present occupant rented it, I believe," I remarked. Then I answered his question. 'I have the hall bedroom on the third floor,' said I. 'The quarters are pretty straitened, but comfortable enough as hall bedrooms go.'

Two Who Vanished

"But Mr. Addison had showed such unmistakable consternation at my reply, that then I persisted in my questioning as to the cause, and at last he yielded and told me what he knew. He had hesitated both because he shrank from displaying what I might consider an unmanly superstition, and because he did not wish to influence me beyond what the facts of the case warranted. 'Well, I will tell you, Wheatcroft,' he said. 'Briefly all I know is this: When last I heard of 240 Pleasant Street it was not rented because of foul play which was supposed to have taken place there, though nothing was ever proved. There were two disappearances, and—in each case—an occupant of the hall bedroom which you now have. The first disappearance was of a very beautiful girl who had come here for her health and was said to be the victim of a profound melancholy, induced by a love disappointment. She obtained board at 240 and occupied the hall bedroom about two weeks; then one morning she was gone, having seemingly vanished into thin air. Her relatives were communicated with; she had not many, nor friends either, poor girl, and a thorough search was made, but the last I knew she had never come to light. There were two or three arrests, but nothing ever came of them. Well, that was before my day here, but the second disappearance took place when I was in the house—a fine young fellow who had overworked in college. He had to pay his own way. He had taken cold, had the grip, and that and the overwork about finished him, and he came on here for a month's rest and recuperation. He had been in that room about two weeks, a little less, when one morning he wasn't there. Then there was a great hullabaloo. It seems that he had let fall some hints to the effect that there was something queer about the room, but, of course, the police did not think much of that. They made arrests right and left, but they never found him, and the arrested were discharged, though some of them are probably under a cloud of suspicion to this day. Then the boarding-house was shut up. Six years ago nobody would have boarded there, much less occupied that hall bedroom, but now I suppose new people have come in and the story has died out. I dare say your landlady will not thank me for reviving it.'

The Last Night

"I assured him that it would make no possible difference to me. He looked at me sharply, and asked bluntly if I had seen anything wrong or unusual about the room. I replied, guarding myself from falsehood with a quibble, that I had seen nothing in the least unusual about the room, as indeed I had not, and have not now, but that may come. I feel that that will come in due time. Last night I neither saw, nor heard, nor smelled, nor tasted, but I—felt. Last night, having started again on my exploration of God knows what, I had not advanced a step before I touched something. My first sensation was one of disappointment. 'It is the dresser, and I am at the end of it now,' I thought. But I soon discovered that it was not the old painted dresser which I touched, but something carved, as nearly as I could discover with my unskilled finger-tips, with winged things. There were certainly long keen curves of wings which seemed to overlay an arabesque of fine leaf and flower work. I do not know what the object was that I touched. It may have been a chest. I may seem to be exaggerating when I say that it somehow failed or exceeded in some mysterious respect of being the shape of anything I had ever touched. I do not know what the material was. It was as smooth as ivory, but it did not feel like ivory; there was a singular warmth about it as if it had stood long in hot sunlight. I continued, and I encountered other objects I am inclined to think were pieces of furniture of fashions and possibly of uses unknown to me, and about them all was the strange mystery as to shape. At last I came to what was evidently an open window of large area. I distinctly felt a soft, warm wind, yet with a crystal freshness, blow on my face. It was not the window of my hall bedroom, that I know. Looking out, I could see nothing. I only felt the wind blowing on my face."

"Then suddenly, without any warning, my groping hands to the right and left touched living beings, beings in the likeness of men and women, palpable creatures in palpable attire. I could feel the soft silken texture of their garments which swept around me, seeming to half infold me in clinging meshes like

cobwebs. I was in a crowd of these people, whatever they were, and whoever they were, but, curiously enough, without seeing one of them I had a strong sense of recognition as I passed among them. Now and then a hand that I knew closed softly over mine; once an arm passed around me. Then I began to feel myself gently swept on and impelled by this softly moving throng; their floating garments seemed to fairly wind me about, and again a swift terror overcame me. I struck my match, and was back in my hall bedroom. I wonder if I had not better keep my gas burning to-night? I wonder if it be possible that this is going too far? I wonder what became of those other people, the man and the woman who occupied this room? I wonder if I had better not stop where I am?"

"January 31. Last night I saw—I saw more than I can describe, more than is lawful to describe. Something which nature has rightfully hidden has been revealed to me, but it is not for me to disclose too much of her secret. This much I will say, that doors and windows open into an out-of-doors to which the outdoors which we know is but a vestibule. And there is a river; there is something strange with respect to that picture. There is a river upon which one could sail away. It was flowing silently, for to-night I could only see. I saw that I was right in thinking I recognized some of the people whom I encountered the night before, though some were strange to me. It is true that the girl who disappeared from the hall bedroom was very beautiful. Everything which I saw last night was very beautiful to my one sense that could grasp it. I wonder what it would all be if all my senses together were to grasp it? I wonder if I had better not keep my gas burning to-night? I wonder—"

The Secret Chamber

This finishes the journal which Mr. Wheatcroft left in his hall bedroom. The morning after the last entry he was gone. His friend, Mr. Addison, came here, and a search was made. They even tore down the wall behind the picture, and they did find something rather queer for a house that had been used for boarders, where you would think no room would have been let run to waste. They found another room, a long narrow one, the length of the hall bedroom, but narrower, hardly more than a closet. There was no window, nor door, and all there was in it was a sheet of paper covered with figures as if somebody had been doing sums. They made a lot of talk about those figures, and they tried to make out that the fifth dimension, whatever that is, was proved, but they said afterward they didn't prove anything. They tried to make out then that somebody had murdered poor Mr. Wheatcroft and hid the body, and they arrested poor Mr. Addison, but they couldn't make out anything against him. They proved he was in the Cure all that night and couldn't have done it. They don't know what became of Mr. Wheatcroft, and now they say two more disappeared from that same room before I rented the house.

The agent came and promised to put the new room they discovered into the hall bedroom and have everything new—papered and painted. He took away the picture: folks hinted there was something queer about that, I don't know what. It looked innocent enough, and I guess he burned it up. He said if I would stay he would arrange it with the owner, who everybody says is a very queer man, so I should not have to pay much if any rent. But I told him I couldn't stay if he was to give me the rent. That I wasn't afraid of anything myself, though I must say I wouldn't want to put anybody in that hall bedroom without telling him all about it; but my boarders would leave and I knew I couldn't get any more. I told him I would rather have had a regular ghost than what seemed to be a way of going out of the house to nowhere and never coming back again. I moved, and, as I said before, it remains to be seen whether my ill luck follows me to this house or not. Anyway, it has no hall bedroom.

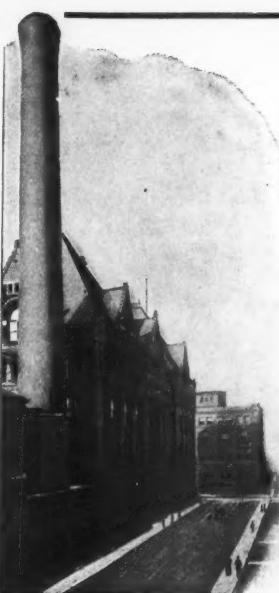
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The Lion's Mouth

THE LION'S MOUTH is a department of COLLIER'S WEEKLY which distributes monthly prizes, aggregating in value \$329.00, with opportunities for cumulative winnings, the greatest of which amounts to \$1,000 in cash. The prizes in the March contest will be awarded for answers to the following questions:

1. Which of the four numbers published in March do you like best, and which do you like least, and why?
2. Which article in these four numbers do you like best, and which do you like least, and why?
3. Which story do you like best, and which do you like least, and why?
4. Do you, or do you not, like the serial, and why?
5. Which drawing (this includes the cover) do you like best, and which do you like least, and why?
6. Which photograph, or series of photographs, do you like best, and which do you like least, and why?
7. Which feature of COLLIER'S WEEKLY do you think needs improvement, and how?
8. Which feature of the Household Number for April (issue of March 28) do you like best, and which do you like least, and why?
9. What feature of COLLIER'S WEEKLY, if any, is not to your liking, and why?
10. What suggestion can you make that, in your opinion, will improve COLLIER'S WEEKLY?

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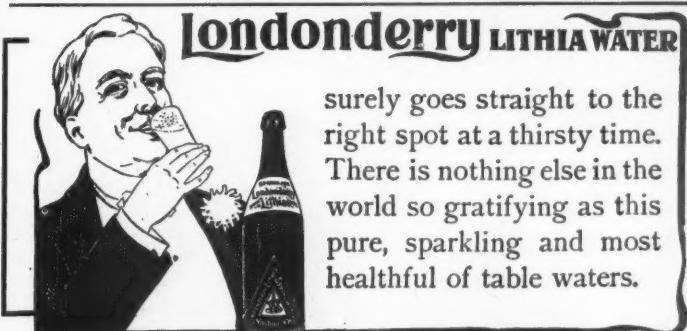


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The Dead Letter Office of a Woman's Heart

In the March Household Number we published in this Department the three best letters "From a Wife to a Husband." In this issue we give the prize-winning contributions "From a Sister to a Brother." In the May Household Number we will print the three best letters "From a Daughter to a Father," awarding cash prizes of \$25, \$15 and \$10 as announced in our issue of January 31st, to which all prospective competitors would do well to refer, as space will not allow of a fuller explanation here. Letters must not exceed 500 words in length (written on one side of the paper only), and must be received at this office not later than April 15th in order to receive consideration. The demand is for a real letter, the real expression of a woman's feeling. They should be signed with a motto, and not with a name. When the winning letters are published the writers may send us their names and addresses with the chosen mottoes, for identification, in order that we may forward the checks. All letters will be held in confidence and destroyed after the contest is closed. They should be addressed: "Confidential," Collier's Weekly, 416 W. Thirteenth St., New York

II.—Letters from a Sister to a Brother

"THERE ARE," says Balzac, in reference to some one of the pure figures that lightens his great Human Comedy, "there are more saints than niches." It is entirely this ratio we have found when considering the second outgoing and incoming of "Dead Letters." There are, we have found, more sister-hearts laden with love, anxious wishes and yearnings for the brothers' life and health and happiness than in most sanguine moments we dreamed of.

Moreover, the sisters in writing these letters before us have unconsciously given themselves—and of truth all women—extreme praise. But then the prosaic side comes in view and we add—alas! we have not space to print them in, nor prizes to award to them. Privately we think that every one should be included in a Sisters' Dead Letter volume.

These letters have reached us from every part of the country, and from our British cousins to the north. And they have in most cases expressed real sentiment, real facts. Rarely have they gone off into anything tawdry or affected. They have been warm, affectionate, helpful, reminiscent; and they have been keen, clear, analytical. They have, in fact, offered clearer analyses of the mental and moral attitudes of a brother than any novel which we can now recall to mind affords. They have depicted the brother helpful and defensive; the brother manly and supporting; the brother weak and narrow, sapping vitality and sympathy; the brother cheery and full of an outdoor masculinity; the brother tender and watchful; the brother cold and austere; the brother repressive and reticent; the brother dictatorial of sister; even to feminine associates and dress; the young brother put by a dying mother in the arms of his older sister—laddle upon whom the sister has spent the effort and love of her life; the brother protective of his little sister; the brother rich in material success; the brother ne'er-do-well; the brother forgetful of sacrifice which family or mother or sister made for his education and start in the world; the brother clergyman, lawyer, author, navy officer, physician; the brother in college, in school, in business—in the West, in the East, South, North, in Europe, in Manila; the brother who had died long years since, even as little Paul Domby died; and, perhaps most pitiful of all, the brother lost in the vortex of the world's sorrow and sin, his whereabouts to all the home hearts unknown. To such brothers these letters have been written. And with what a wealth of love and clinging memory! Coming to a dusty editorial room before the spring's breath dared, they have seized the winds of doubt with their beauty of devotion and appreciation of human strength and human weakness—they have deeply moved each one having the good fortune to read them.

From the great number of the letters, we have chosen these below as clearly leaders, and to the writers of them we will forward the prizes when we receive the mottoes the letters carry.

First Prize

YOU LITTLE BOY with the muddy shoes—for you will always be that little boy to me—it is such a joy to me to know that no one in all the world can ever take the place in your life that is mine. Your father and mother walk in front of you on that path which leads into the great silence; the world walks behind you; but I—I walked beside you.

And even when the woman who is nearest of all women came, I did not feel thrust aside, for I helped to form the soul she loves, and one can not lose that which one created, though it may not be in one's possession.

There is an Indian apologue which says: "A man once said to a lump of clay, 'What art thou?' The reply was, 'I am but a lump of clay, but I was placed beside a rose and I caught its fragrance.'" When we were little children you realized that nature had made my body more delicate than your own, and while you scorned me for it, it taught you to be gentle.

You felt that my heart was more easily touched, you laughed at my weakness. But it gave you your first lesson in tenderness. And the love-words of mine, that tormented you so when I inflicted them upon you, you unconsciously repeated to the woman you learned to love in other years. A long distance lies between the little boy with the muddy shoes and the man of affairs in faultless dress. We seldom speak of the things we think of most.

In outward seeming we may have drifted apart. But, oh, my dear little merry John-

a-dreams, who never grew old and never grew changed to me, you know, and I know, how much tenderness you have wrapped around other lives in remembrance of the little girl who played with you in the spring-time of your life.

Second Prize

EAR BROTHER JOHN—This missive I'm sending you, brother, is written in tenderest love, and I trust in that spirit you'll accept it.

John, I've always loved you—you know we are so near together in age. You were my idol from my babyhood; and yet I sometimes wonder if you haven't entirely forgotten the little sister who, in all our childhood counsels, never chided. Of course, we've grown older now, and you're always kind when we meet, John, but it's such a conventional kindness, and you are always so hurried. I know I ought to realize, and I do try to, that yours is a busy city life, and I am still in the little country town. But, John, don't you think you could come once in a while to see us? It is nearly five years now since you were home—short to you but long to us. And then, John, there's mother—she loves her only boy so dearly and prizes all your letters and little remembrances. But of late these have grown far too rare. She never complains at the lack, but I know her heart is often grieved. Mother's children are all she's had for many a year, and 'twould be ill in any one of us to forget her—not that I think you have, dear, only don't let the glittering tares of riches usurp the golden wheat of love in your heart. I remember, as though it were yesterday, the winter you earned your first wages, John—you were little more than a child, fifteen, I think—and how at Christmas time we were all remembered, and how proud you were and how proud we all were of you. I've the little work-box yet, you gave me then, John. It has faded in these twenty years, but it's still to me a priceless memento of my brother's love. Christmas meant so much to us then. And now, though you are only a hundred miles away, you haven't spent that day in the old home for eight years, John.

Now I'm going to close, for I am afraid, dear, you'll think this a foolish letter, but it comes from the depths of my heart, John. It just seems to me as though you are shutting all of us and the old days out of your life, John, and I can't bear it. Oh, my brother, put these things from you that are crowding us out and give us the love and confidence of your boyhood days.

Third Prize

DON'T YOU WISH we were back again in the days when you were "Dick, old fellow," and I was "Jolly Girl"? Don't you remember how we romped and played, and how no one ever thought of keeping me out of the games until the day Bobby Taylor said I couldn't play prisoners' base with the boys; that it wasn't any game for girls, and how he tried to make them all see that I didn't belong with them at all? And do you remember how Jack—little bit of a fellow then—how you and he offered to "lick the first feller that tried to put out Jolly Girl"? I remember I played prisoners' base that day, and a good many other days after that—with Bobby, too.

What chums we were, Dick! I suppose it was because there were just we two. All I knew of mother was what you could tell me, and you always insisted that she was a "bright, beautiful angel, with wings all shiny;" I used to believe that some day I should see her, and I used to wander off in the fields and spend hours searching among the grain for heaven and a glimpse of the shiny wings.

Father was always so busy; I wonder, Dick, what he wrote about so much; they told us it was a book, and I heard him telling old Mr. Williams one day that it would startle the scientists and overthrow a few theories; I remember the day Sairy Ann whipped me for overthrowing the jam pots, and I wondered if it wasn't just as wicked to overthrow theories.

And then, Dick, they sent us away. I know you remember that; they said we must go to school, and we couldn't go together! It seemed as if my heart must have broken then, but Jolly Girl was only a child then, and children's hearts just seem to break. But suppose it should break now, dear old fellow, wouldn't the pain be greater? Dick, you have wandered away from me; Jolly Girl is a woman now, and, oh, Dick, old fellow, her heart is breaking! Can you understand what the pain was when Jack came back and told me



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Shawknit
TRADE MARK.

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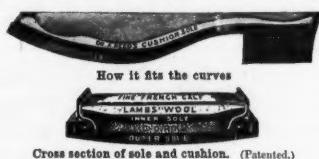
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my Dick was—I can not tell you what he told me, dear—you know, yourself. He said you wouldn't come home to me, but—oh, Dick, dear old Dick, you will! You won't break my heart, will you? You won't put Jolly Girl away from you? Such an unhappy Jolly Girl; she loves you so, Dick, and she needs her boy!

The sun is so bright on the grain to-day, Dick, old fellow; come home to Jolly Girl; I want you to help me to find the beautiful angel with the wings all shiny... Just for mother, Dick, and Madge!

• •

**The Modern Battleship
ITS ENGINEERING WEAKNESS**
By Rear-Admiral G. W. Melville, U.S.N.

SECOND PAPER

THE boiler problem is the naval question of the hour. The most important Naval Board now in session in Great Britain is the Boiler Commission, and this body has reported that of the hundreds of designs of marine steam generators, only four possess sufficient merit to warrant their installation in the war vessels of His Majesty's fleet. Within the past three months events have occurred which have caused two of the five great naval powers to doubt the advisability of permitting any further installation of boilers of one of these four types. It is highly probable that the sea power of the future may possibly be won by that nation which will triumph in the battle of the boilers that is now being waged.

Lord Goschen, who was for many years First Lord of the British Admiralty, has described a modern warship as "a fiendish complication of machinery." This complication of machinery is beneath the protective deck. Another authority has said of the battleship, that "it is perhaps the most awe-inspiring aggregation of power in one unit yet devised by man." When one enters the engine rooms and stokeholes and notices the labyrinth of piping, and the crowding of appliances upon each other, he appreciates the weak link in this awe-inspiring chain of mechanism.

The several nations are loading the ships down with armor. The point has now been reached in battleships when twice as much weight is given to armor as is allowed to engines, boilers, and mechanical auxiliaries. Great Britain is the one naval power which is resisting this tendency to making hull protection a primary feature.

Boilers and Speed

The disinclination upon the part of many naval officers to giving high speed to warships is very deep-seated. The naval engineer is more concerned about sustained speed than very high speed. The tubes of the modern water-tube boiler are now made very light. The impairment of any one of these units may disable the boiler for a time. The auxiliaries are crowded together, and trouble is constantly being experienced from this source. The naval engineer is thus obliged to make the machinery parts so light and install auxiliaries in such inaccessible places that the chances of impairment are several times greater in a naval vessel than in an ocean liner. It is therefore sustained sea speed rather than temporary high speed which causes the naval engineer to be insistent in demanding a large boiler installation.

Since the marine boilers which are in greatest favor in different navies have been designed upon radically different principles, they can not all be equally good. There must of necessity be some resulting failures. The cardinal feature of the boiler problem is the question of endurance.

The failure to appreciate the importance of this boiler problem is due to the fact that too many experts are inclined to overlook the difficulty of installing and operating naval machinery. It is impossible to run, in an economical manner, machinery which has been forced into such crowded quarters as that given it in a man-of-war. As a result of this state of affairs, the actual steaming radius of most warships is about one-half to one-third that which the vessel is credited with possessing. This difference between promises and performances is caused by the excessive consumption of coal required for the working of the various auxiliaries. Only three-fifths of the fuel that is required by a modern navy is used for furnishing steam for the propelling engines.

On board some of the warships nearly one-half the boiler power is used at intervals to run these auxiliaries. Since there has been a craze for things electrical the consumption of coal for auxiliary purposes has increased enormously. It is the luxuries of the modern naval officer that causes the battleship to be insatiate in its demands for fuel for other than propelling purposes, and until there is a reduction in the number of auxiliaries the modern war vessel will not be

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Gray, Drab, Blond and Auburn are a little more expensive. Send for an estimate of price before sending.

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able to work far from a well-established base.

Before the beginning of the Spanish-American War it was asserted that Admiral Cervera's squadron could steam over a third of the way around the world. After crossing the Atlantic, this squadron in desperation put into Martinique for coal. Unable to obtain the fuel it required, it steamed south to Curacao. There it again met with disappointment, and its depleted bunkers was the cause of the fleet being entrapped in the bottle-neck harbor of Santiago. There is not the slightest doubt that if some of the weight of the Colon's armor had been given to machinery and boilers that vessel would have made her escape. An extra knot of speed upon the part of the Vizcaya would probably have permitted her to get away also.

It is because there are in the stokesholes of the warships the pluckiest and most loyal of subordinates that contractors' speed trial performances are sometimes approached in actual service. But the work of the warship often compels her to steam to harbors where there are no repair facilities, and no one who has not worked with these men can get any idea of the strain under which they labor.

The plea, therefore, of the naval engineer for more room for the installation of appliances, and a reserve of power to provide for breakdowns and necessary overhauling, is in line with naval efficiency and progress. The fireroom force, which comprises about one-third to one-fourth the complement of the modern warship, therefore asks that some of the dead weight be removed from the hull and given to machinery and boiler so as to make the motive power more safe and enduring. It requires no prophet to predict that the type of the battleship which will stand the test of future battle is one where the inanimate plates of armor will be reduced in size and weight so as to strengthen the vital parts of the machinery.

One Must Live

(Continued from Page 17)

of the women in the Southern mills, the manufacturers will have to be content with a reduction of dividends. These gentlemen are not philanthropists, they are financiers; and, while they are willing to erect libraries, public baths, gymnasiums, schools, churches, etc., they are unwilling to shorten to humane dimensions the hours of mill labor, or to adequately remunerate the sixty-six hour a week operative.

I have been able to disabuse the minds of the people with whom I have talked of the idea that I am a socialist, an anarchist, or even a fanatic.

I believe, if given time to rest and reflect, and sufficient money to purchase for themselves that respect which comes with the knowledge one is earning adequate return for one's labor—I believe that these people will, as do the rest of us, advance with the period. But they must themselves demand their reforms.

Time and space fail me to tell all the work that the labor unions are doing in the South. I have myself the greatest confidence in the working people themselves, and, if the manufacturer keeps them waiting too long, they will claim their rights by force.

A Word for the Manufacturer

I should perhaps not close my paper without a word—I dare not say for the manufacturer. It would be preposterous arrogance, and suggest a certain dinner at the Century Club, when the master of the toast was asked to speak a few words for Shakespeare. He rose with a deprecating gesture and said: "Gentlemen, Mr. Shakespeare does not need me."

The magnates whose millions and power are the forces of the period, do not need my voice; but the woman of the mills has no one to speak for her.

Is it patronizing to say that there are humane and noble men among the employers? Beyond doubt there are. Ignorance must be their excuse, combined with the fatal indifference for the sufferings of others that too great luxury is sure to bring.

The manufacturer calls the conditions of the mill-hands "necessary evils." God help them then, employer and employed.

They see they have a strong point when they compare the mill-girl's present life with her backwoods existence. The mill-girl of the backwoods had no identity—she was a child of nature. The manufacturer has made her a factor of progress. Is there any just reason why the wheels of commerce should break these creatures as they coin millions for the individual?

I am prepared to return to the first point of my article. If I am told by the mill people of the South that my voice is not needed, that they are content in their slavery and in their poverty, it will be no disillusion to me. I should consider that state of affairs less wholesome, less prophetic of good, than an active discontent. Nothing can cloud this vision I have had of modern slavery—noting can change my point of view.

Perry (the little town whose picture was by far the cheeriest of all the volume of "The Woman Who Toils") has risen in arms against the truths which stirred Mr. Roosevelt to write his noble letter. A certain Southern city would esteem my life very lightly if I should enter it under my own name.

The poor creatures of the mill settlements are likely to never see the words I have written about them. But a message was sent me, through a poor, hard-working man, from the laborers at a certain trade in a prominent Southern city, to the effect: "Tell her that when they insult her through the State papers, and when the rich are all against her, that the poor are with her." This is one of the most valued messages I have ever received.

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The 'Possum Story : By Frank L. Stanton

He wuz settin' on de tree dar,
At de breakin' er de day,
But de tree fall on de hunter
En de 'Possum git away!

En what de word, you reckon,
Dat dc sassy 'Possum say?
"You'll sho' be late ter breakfas'
in de mawnin'!"

"Inside Stories" of Recent History

(Continued from page 13)

with the big figures plain for all to see, "10,000 piculs at \$21—\$210,000.

Mac sat down and signed the contract. The attendants brought sand and sprinkled it over the signatures. A duplicate was indorsed as the first had been, signed and sold to the Captain Chinaman. We all took fresh cigars and started to go.

"When will the ship come?" asked the Chinaman.

"Within ten days," replied Mac. "We sail for Manila to-morrow morning. The ship is waiting there and will come as soon as we tell Don Edouardo that the contract is made."

The Captain Chinaman sat down at the table again and took his contract. "I will write," he said, "that if the ship is not here in sixteen days, the contract is void."

"Very well," said Mac. He was certain that the hemp would be in Manila and sold at a handsome profit before sixteen days were up.

So both contracts were amended, and we went away. When we passed through the outer room the agent from the *Mactan* was sitting there talking eagerly with some of the Chinese.

That evening as we sat on the transport Mac said, over and over again, "Can it be that we have beaten a Chinaman? It is hard to believe."

We got into the bay at Manila early in the morning of the third day, and were not long in getting ashore. Men go to their offices early there, so as to take a rest during the heat of the day. We went straight to Don Edouardo's office as soon as we landed. He was at his desk.

"Did you do any business?" he asked, as soon as he saw Mac.

"We bought ten thousand piculs at \$21, awarded Mac.

Don Edouardo's eyes danced. "It is a good business," he said. "We can have a profit of forty or fifty thousand dollars. That is something, eh?"

He took the contract and sat down at his desk to read it. As he read he figured out the profit on a pad. Suddenly he stopped reading, threw up both hands to his head and ejaculated a vehement Spanish expletive. Then he jumped out of his chair and began running around the room, crying out:

"What have you done? What have you done? We are ruined! We lose! We lose! This is a fine business!"

We sat in speechless astonishment and watched him. He ran around the room three or four times and then back to his desk again. He grabbed up the pad and figured rapidly for half a minute.

"Do you know how much we lose?" he demanded. "We lose seventy-six thousand dollars, that's what we lose. This is a fine business!"

If he had exploded in actual fact and scattered into little pieces we could not have been more surprised. None of us could say a word.

"Oh!" Don Edouardo exclaimed, "why did I do a business like that? We lose seventy-six thousand dollars!"

Perhaps because there was none of my fish in the kettle, I recovered use of my voice first.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

Don Edouardo stopped in his fiftieth or sixtieth circuit of the office, waved both hands above his head, the contract in one and the pad in the other, and shouted, "Sin ningun rebajo!"

"Well," I said, "if that's the way you really feel I'll go along. There's probably mail for me at the post-office."

I didn't know what else to say, and it struck me that perhaps Mac might be as well pleased if I got out. But it happened to be just the thing to bring Don Edouardo back to earth and his desk. He sat down and pulled his hair a minute or so, and then his eyes struck the addition at the bottom of the contract, under the signatures. He thrust forward his

head and read it with eyes that threatened to leap out of their sockets and crawl over the paper. Then he clutched his thin hair again and tried to pull it straight out by the roots. "Saved!" he shouted, "we are saved! We lose nothing!"

"Sin ningun rebajo?" I asked.

Don Edouardo turned toward me and laughed. "It is narrow call, eh? I thought we should lose \$76,000, but we do not have to take it. If the ship is not there in sixteen days the contract is void, eh? Well, the ship is not there. I see to that. She is my ship and she stays here."

"Well," said Mac at last, "I'd like to know what is the matter with the contract."

Don Edouardo gave him a look that started out to be full of scorn, but seeing the utter perplexity on Mac's face, turned into a laugh.

"I am a fool," said Don Edouardo. "I am a fool to tell you to buy hemp and not to pay any attention to the classes. When we buy hemp we make the price for fair current, and there is a regular rebate for seconds and thirds and yellow. But this Chinaman, he is a sharp fellow, he makes it 'sin ningun rebajo,' without any rebate, and that is flat \$21 a picul. With the percentages he has stipulated here the price for the ten thousand piculs would be \$134,000, but he wants to get \$210,000. Well, the ship stays here. He can sell it to somebody else."

Then Mac and Harry and I went up to the post-office and got our mail, and on the way down to the house Mac said just once:

"It didn't seem possible to me that I could have got the best of a Chinaman." That was the last he said about it.

Now look. See what that deal did to the market. That Captain Chinaman was willing to give the option of ten thousand piculs, for an option was all the contract amounted to, in order to get a reliable line on the Manila market. When he found the boys willing to pay flat \$21 a picul, he misunderstood their ignorance, and thought the price had gone far above what it really was. That was why he wouldn't sell more than the ten thousand piculs. He meant to wait until he could communicate with a Chinaman in Manila on whom he could rely.

The result was that immediately the word went out to every Chinaman in Leyte and Samar to sell no hemp, no matter what the price, until word came from Manila. The expert agent of the Manila firm got ashore too late. His house was short of the market, having sold heavily for May delivery in Liverpool, at \$25, with every chance of making a large profit. But the destruction at Legaspi and Catbalogan, and the failure to get anything in Calbayog, made it imperative that they buy at any price to cover their May deliveries. When the agent found these Chinese unwilling to sell at Tacloban he tried to induce them by raising his bids. Every increased offer only served to confirm their suspicions about the market, and they stuck to their resolution not to sell at any price until they heard from Manila.

Consequently, just when the English and American markets were expecting to get something like a hundred thousand piculs from Leyte, suddenly, and without any explanation, they found themselves unable to get a pound. Hemp went up by leaps and bounds. The price named in Mac's contract was equivalent to \$31 a picul, with the customary rebates. Hemp went to \$30 in Manila, and for a few days there was a chance that it would go on, and they would still be able to take up their option at a small profit. But the shorts, skirmishing energetically through their Chinese middlemen, got in enough to ease off their strain, and the market sagged. So the ship stayed in Manila, and the smart Captain Chinaman overreached himself. Now Don Edouardo prints in his hemp contracts, "*con rebajos de costumbre*"—with the customary rebates.

This is the "inside" story of that remarkable flurry in hemp.



Seen from the Study Window : By Norman Hapgood

A MONTH'S-END TALK ABOUT PASSING THINGS WORTH WHILE

Beauty in Two Countries

THE STREET in front of my window swarms with flower girls and artists' models, bright in green and purple velvet, sandals and feathered hats. They sit together in ancient doorways, or lounge by fountains, accosting strange faces, and pretty girls earn somewhat less than ten cents a day. This makes them happy. It is enough for bedding, breakfast, lunch and dinner. They are beautiful and gay, and often have no ambition to rise to serious model's work—which may mean more than ten times the money. Talking only one language, smiling in all, these girls, of such interest to the tourist, strike the foreigner as typical of the land of sun and art.

Many years ago, in a mountain district which had long been prosperous, the land became exhausted and some farmers sent their daughters into Rome, looking for work. Their costumes caught the painter's eye. From the city population models usually adopt the profession only after hardship or vice has coarsened their beauty. These country children were fresh and strong and comely, the demand increased and with it the supply, and the occupation is now traditional and hereditary in many families. I know a model of thirty, one of the best in Rome, with six children, and his father is a prosperous model at seventy. In such families the calling is a dignified one. It is skilled labor, requiring perfect condition, and usually meaning superior character. Many of these mountain farmers, however, have used their opportunity by selecting the most beautiful babies in the foundling asylums, making them work as much as possible through their early childhood, and then taking them into town to extract a little money from the strangers. Some farmers go about among their neighbors, offer season rates for these adopted children, take them to town and use them on an extensive scale. It is one of the many attractive bits of Italian life, which are connected with indolence and decay, and presents a different aspect according as you see it as an Italian or a foreigner, with other qualities and other needs. We rougher and stronger nations may nevertheless safely learn from this southern sense of leisure, this careless enjoyment, for there is no danger of our learning too much. We shall never talk, as the Italian does, in a graceful and courteous circuit. If he is forced to tell an unpalatable truth he flavors it with several palatable lies. The very structure of his language is built upon excessive courtesy and leisure, and when he learns English he wonders at a tongue which cuts so short to the meaning. A government official passes a bad coin to a foreigner, but his manners in explanation are perfect. A waiter gives you worthless change and thanks you with flawless grace if you hand back the useless copper as his fee. An American woman responded roughly to the importunities of a guide, that she was better acquainted with the galleries than he was. "That, madam," he replied, "is hardly possible, since you are so much younger."

The Southern Sense of Leisure

This is altogether a matter of form, and exists in the peasant who beats his animals to death "because they are not Christians," as he says. It exists in the French, with their Dreyfus case, their *Bourgogne* disaster, and their Charity Bazaar fire. It is possible for the stronger Anglo-Saxon to learn from the leisurely spirit of these urbaner nations, with their nonchalant ways and their taste. One may read daily on the first page of Paris papers essays on questions of momentary or of lasting importance, superior in style and refinement not only to our newspapers, but to our less hurried publications. These Latins are not swallowed up with the craving for mere pointless fact, for the latest news, whether or not it has a value. In our civilization the newspaper, reflecting the public, must tell us what happened, of however fleeting worth, just before it went to press. The corresponding sheet in Paris and in Rome must give artistic or thoughtful treat-

ment to some important or charming topic that does not depend for its interest on the hour of going to press. It will be well when we look with more respect upon enlightened leisure, upon time given to reading, to feeling and thinking of eternal things, as well as to action. One of the rarest and most useful types in America to-day is the man who has the courage to value and to use his leisure, and not be bullied by the query, "What do you do?" Happily our race is strong, but there is no advantage in keeping the strength barbic. Italy has another set of problems. She is tired of a glorious death. Her sons boast of Garibaldi and Marconi, not of Raphael and Julius Cesar. Venetians may well shrug their shoulders when foreigners complain of steamboats in the Grand Canal. They are not the grievers when the Campanile falls. The papers and statesmen exhort the people to imitate more powerful nations, and abandon their idle, pleasure-loving spirit, their love of pageantry, idleness and fireworks, their indifference to education, to sound politics and finance.

The Old and the New

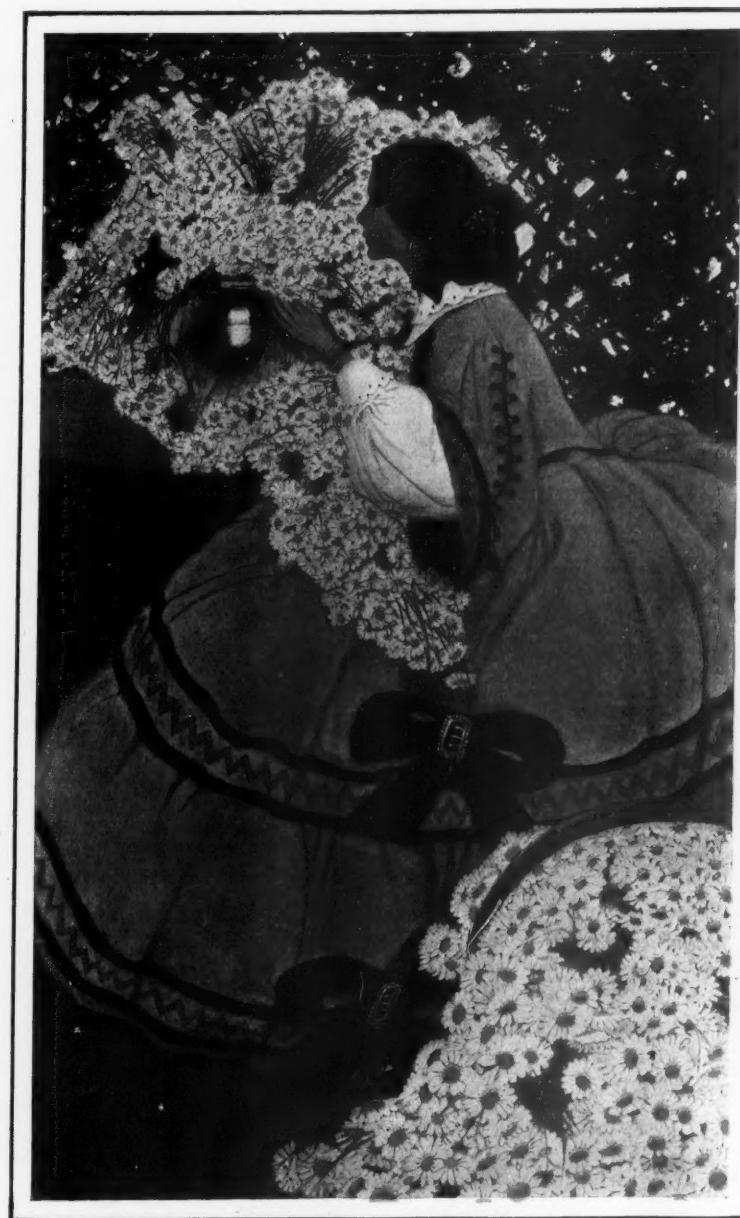
The Roman city government is now willing to construct railways alongside the Forum. The old is mixed with the new, industry with art, energy with decay. There is a telephone at the spot where St. Peter is supposed to have been crucified. I saw the

King of Italy in an automobile by the ruins in which Christian girls were gored by bulls. His four attendant guards rode bicycles. Trams and buses start from the square in which are Nero's bones, where Luther knelt, before his great revolt, by the gate through which an endless line of shadows pass, from guilty Macbeth, doing penance, to so many popes and emperors. The greatest of churches is now lighted by electricity as well as by Michelangelo's dome, and the same new luminary is turned upon the dying gladiator. The Roman glories in his modern stations and ugly civil buildings, and cares little for Cicero or Brutus, for the Renaissance or the antique world.

Underneath a statue of Garibaldi, on one of the Roman hills, are groups of figures, allegories, in which Europe presides over history and art, America over trade and industry. No censure is intended, but an American standing on this hill, and looking down at one glance on centuries of history and art, is forced to consider the ideal aspect of his country's destiny. This little spot once ruled the world for centuries; its Vatican gives the spiritual law to-day to millions; and it, with its sister towns, has captured beauty for the eye as has no other land save Greece. No wonder, then, that ten thousand painters are said to live in Rome. Many of them are English and American. Some are old men, almost without employment, since the Pope, shut within his buildings, no longer orders masterpieces copied to adorn his churches. I know various Americans who live in Rome—some because they have a little money, some because they have a little brains, artists or lovers of art; some to dwell where marble is cheap, models plenty, and examples great; some to dawdle away their lives in the pleasant idleness of culture. It is never as healthy to get from transplantation what we should absorb at home: especially perhaps for us. Some foreign artists regret not being born in America, so great is the material there, the fervor, the activity, the conflict of human hopes and wills. A natural ambition for our country is that she should be known not only as a land of power in trade and politics, but also in the world of brighter aims. Mr. Morgan's genius is admirable, but our destiny will be a one-sided one if we do not produce his equals in literature, philosophy, music, architecture, painting. Our stomach is doing its work magnificently, but we have a soul which is less noticeable as yet. I rejoice when there is a talk of widening Fifth Avenue or excluding trucks from that street, to increase the gayety and pomp of city life, at the expense, perhaps, of a few additional dollars; and I always like to meet a man who, without being lazy or pedantic, deems a day well spent if it has been spent with nature, in reasonable conversation, or with books. Many of us have an idea that contemplation is only a rest for action, reading only a preparation for some kind of work.

Culture and Philistinism

They may ask me what I have been reading. Keats, perhaps, I say, or Swift, or the history of Abyssinia. "What for?" say they. "Are you going to write about it?" And if I say no, they think the reading is a waste. After all, we work to live; we do not live to work. "A Philistine," it has been said, "is a man who can do nothing to a picture except buy it." He is also a man who can do nothing to a feeling or an idea except use it; or do nothing with his life except struggle in a treadmill. Americans have improved in this respect, but they still work too much and enjoy too little. When a few of our countrymen began to awaken to the hardly known advantages of older lands, their appreciation sounded shrill and they talked a great deal about Art with a capital A, making solid people ill. That race of agitators is disappearing, but the work of making civilizing artistic influences at home among us is still to do. At Algiers, as our ship drew away from the picturesque town, and its beautiful hills, one of my neighbors exclaimed: "It is not so bad a place; new buildings, electric cars and light. I missed nothing but rubber tires." Another, fresh from Paris, said: "I have been everywhere in Europe, and seen nothing like Atlantic City. It has three hundred hotels, three brass bands, and the wooden



April Blossoms : By Madeline Bridges

Picture by Ethel Franklin Betts

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sidewalk is one hundred feet wide and three miles long." Whatever our just and honest pride in other things, we must, in cold fact, admit that we still make more such remarks as that than are made by any other race.

One naturally is serious in a graveyard, and the reality and importance of taste and art were made singularly vivid to me in a cemetery yesterday. Keats, Shelley, Severn, Trethewey are under the plainest slabs, with calm and humble words. Another beautiful monument, by the American sculptor Story, a very simple kneeling angel, with buried head and folded wings, allows one to feel all the dignity and awe of death. Close by is a salient example of bad art and its effects, in a direction which is easily followed in any of our cemeteries. An Englishman lies, absurdly sculptured, on his tomb, which bears his coat-of-arms, a rooster and lion, with Latin boasting words, and, in English, an endless series of words about the works of earthly glory and cherished hopes, "the day-spring from on high," "the little that can die," all his titles, his "deep and unpretending piety," his "mental and corporal endowments."

We are told that he was "beloved by all who knew him and most precious to his mourning family, who had sought his health in many foreign climes," and other information intended to be touching and impressive, but which is insufferably ridiculous merely because the feelings are expressed with none of the measure, knowledge, and choice which are among the gifts of artistic atmosphere and instinct. Thus art can make even death vulgar, or it can add even to death a higher dignity. The good Mr. Dooly wrote, in one of his wittiest articles, that libraries no more encourage literature than tombstones encourage living. Well, a good tombstone does encourage good living; but effigies like those of Burns and Scott in Central Park, Cox in Astor Place, or Seward in Madison Square, make one ready to escape at once. It depends on the library and the tombstone. Shakespeare and Milton, whether bought or borrowed from a library, helped the production of Keats. How many great artists have been made from the remains of Italy and Greece. The flame is passed along from man to man, from race to race, and nearly every master owes his inspiration to another. Records of Goethe, Shelley, Gogol, Ibsen, among a multitude, testify to the inspiration that even very foreign genius has drawn from Rome. Who shall tell what the future of America will lose through missing the natural beauty of the Hudson, now being ruthlessly destroyed, through indolence or false economy in the governments of New Jersey and New York? Perhaps some time, too, we may find a way to give more inspiration to our names than is breathed out by 13th Street, Avenue C, or K Street. We can hardly compete in such suggestion with a town already great some seventeen centuries before the Indians saw Columbus, but every

advance in external civic pride, in prizing artists and storing up traditions, will have its echoes multiplying through the future.

It is never as wholesome to get all this artistic impulse from transplantation as it is to breathe it in at home. "I have lived abroad for twenty years," said an American painter to me recently, "and I have rather turned from my country. How can one love a nation which puts a tax on art—which shuts her gates against the beautiful?" I could smile because I knew the nation was not fairly represented by the tariff on art. We are not so philistine as that looks. Our government lags behind our leading citizens and our artists. A young man recently paid a fortune for one masterpiece, for presentation to the Metropolitan Museum of New York. A wealthy woman has just completed a palace which will add much to Boston's artistic wealth. The world's most successful financier wishes America to secure all the aesthetic treasures put on sale, and his Congress forbids him to bring these purchases to our ports! Our landscape painters to-day stand second in the world, and our government forbids them to see at home the great examples which are all they need. In sculpture the work of St. Gaudens, of Macmonnies, of Barnard, of four or five others, puts us probably second in that art also, and the public is able to see monuments of which no country need be ashamed. As encouragement from the government our sculptors are met by a tax of fifty per cent on Carrara marble in America. Shall a collection of country lawyers at Washington force our future Whistlers, Sargent, and Abbeys to live and do their work abroad? Shall they dampen the patriotism which most artists have, and forbid the proper help to artists too poor to go abroad? The day is passing when our millionaires will be able to buy the great old masters. Other countries, appreciating their irreplaceable value as education and inspiration, are eagerly securing them. Italy by law has endeavored to make it impossible for great art to leave her shores, even from private collections, and when a Botticelli was removed by mistake, a short time ago, the government carried the matter into the highest courts; at the same time that we say to Mr. Walters, "Unless you pay us thousands you shall not secure foreign treasures for Baltimore." Who is "protected"? Nobody—and least of all the artists, every decent one of whom blushes for the law, a law so unworthy of our spirit on other sides of education. Suppose a man were forced by government to pay exorbitantly in order to read Shakespeare or Keats, or in order to give a library to Harvard College or to his native town. What a jeer we should arouse, and what a howl. That is precisely the spirit of our tariff upon art. While the government of Italy uses legal machinery to keep beauty at home, we use the same machinery to drive it off!

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John S. Sargent: An Appreciation

By Charles H. Caffin

M. SARGENT'S present visit to this country is doubly signalized. He has installed a great decoration in the Boston Public Library and has painted the portrait of the President.

One has detected of late some rumbles of dissatisfaction that the highest official recognition in the land should have been given to a foreign portrait-painter, and I have heard some extreme patriots declare, not very reasonably perhaps, that no President should permit himself to be painted by any but an American. In the present case, however, Mr. Roosevelt has satisfied every one. He has been painted by one who is not only an American, but the most brilliant of living portrait-painters, and the result is a picture of magnificent distinction.

The conjunction of artist and subject on this occasion was more than usually fortunate. Mr. Roosevelt's exterior is singularly indicative of his character. In the square erectness of pose—the figure, if you notice, firmly planted on both feet—in the breadth of the shoulders and in the strength and alertness of the head, are visibly pronounced the traits of physical and intellectual manhood which make him respected even by those who do not love him politically. To the eye of Sargent, so extraordinarily keen in summarizing the *total ensemble* of a personality, to the exclusion sometimes not even of its weaknesses, the character in this one would appeal irresistibly.

Indeed, from its virility his own virile and masterful manner would receive more than ordinary inspiration. As a consequence this portrait, so far as one can judge from the reproduction, will rank among the artist's most spirited and spontaneously forceful works. And is it not an example of his intuition and tactfulness in imagining a picture, that he should have set the figure in dark silhouette against a light background? Instead of bringing them nearer together in some more obvious tonal arrangement, he has by contrast secured for the figure additional insistence and authority. Equally suggestive of his tact is the entire absence of any exaggeration in the force of the picture. It is great without being grandiose, forceful with the quietness of concentration.

A similar grandeur of reserve characterizes Sargent's new decoration in the Boston Library. The theme it embodies is the "Dogma of Redemption," a chapter in the series which commemorates the Evolution of Christianity. The treatment follows the traditions of Byzantine art, which are at once peculiarly adapted to the noblest kind of mural decoration and in most intimate relation to the symbolism which forms so conspicuous a feature of the presentation. Indeed, it is through the early symbolism, still preserved by the Church, that the artist has portrayed the subject.

The central figure is the Christ upon the



JOHN S. SARGENT

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Cross, beneath His extended arms being the crouching figures of Adam and Eve, holding chalices to catch the Sacred Blood, while at the foot of the Cross is a pelican piercing her breast to nourish her brood, a symbol of the divine Sacrifice. All these figures are modelled in high relief. Above the Christ are seated the three Persons of the Trinity, their crimson draperies showing against a background of deep blue. Below, the Cross is supported by two angels, on each side of whom are figures bearing the symbols of the Passion, forming a band across the bottom of the painting, so that they correspond with the frieze of the Prophets in the earlier decoration at the other end of the hall. The scheme of color is blue and crimson, gray in the high lights and copiously embellished with gold, the whole toned to a dull lustre as of some painting that the ages have mel-

lowed. As a decoration the work is superbly handsome; with a noble ampleness of composition, and with indescribable subtlety in the various degrees of relief work introduced upon the flat surface. It has, too, the distinction of simplicity; representing, in this respect, a more matured accomplishment than the pendant at the other end of the hall, executed eight years ago. The simplicity reveals itself in the conception and in the massing; for in its details this work is, perhaps, even richer than the earlier one; at least the enrichment is more nobly assertive.

Strong Originality

Again, most remarkable is the fact that, while the artist has drawn his inspiration from primitive sources, he has contrived to infuse into his work a portion of the modern feeling. On the one hand, he has avoided the banality of merely imitating the mediæval manner, and on the other has not lost touch of the spirit which it enshrined. It is here that he has revealed the possession of imagination, sufficiently fresh and living to be actually creative. For a creation in the most real sense is this decoration. It involves material and ideas with which every student of religious painting and symbolism is familiar, and yet with a novelty and reasonableness of appeal that are quite extraordinary.

For in no previous work has he risen to such a height of artistic dignity or of emotional and intellectual appeal. To myself, for one can speak best of one's own impressions, the decoration brings one of those sensations, experienced only at rare intervals in the study of pictures, where one's whole imagination is caught up and set on a level infinitely above itself. I ask myself the question: What does the work portend to the artist?

He has reached long since the highest position as a portrait-painter, most probably the highest of which he is capable. In the vicissitudes of a life spent in the portrayal of fashionable people, many a subject presents itself unworthy of his skill, levying heavy exactions upon his strength and blunting the freshness of his imagination. For perhaps some people do not realize the fearful strain under which a portrait-painter of Sargent's sensibility and conscientiousness must labor, compared with which the painting of so congenial a subject as the President is a delightful sport. Is the game worth the candle? Fortune is his, and fame, unrivalled in this particular branch. Meanwhile, in another he has proved himself a master, also without living rival, and it is one in which he can without obstacle develop the highest possibilities within himself. That they are greater than those he has reached even in his most brilliant portraits, few, if any, of the admirers of his latest decoration will doubt.

Indeed, it will seem to them that Sargent has reached a point on the road of his career where he might well part company with the distractions and limitations of a fashionable portrait-painter and allow free rein to his imagination. He made himself first known to London some eighteen years ago by a work of exquisite imagination, "Carnation Lily, Lily Rose"; he has proved himself possessed of the grander qualities of imagination in this latest work at Boston.

Can he hesitate as to the true direction in which his genius prompts?

The Trolley-People

By Carolyn Wells

Crowded together, side by side,
The Trolley-People ride and ride;
They never get out to play,
But have to ride and ride all day.

And often I do wonder why
They're always always riding by;
I'm sure I don't know where, do you?
They're coming from or going to.

The Trolley-People go so fast,—
Just clang-clang-clang! and then they're
past.

And they do talk and laugh so loud,
They seem a very boist'rous crowd.

The Trolley-People are so strange,
They carry little bags of change.
They never walk upon the street,
They must have very useless feet.

I'm sure I hope I'll never be
A Trolley-Person, for, you see,
I think it's such a lot more fun
To use my feet to jump and run.

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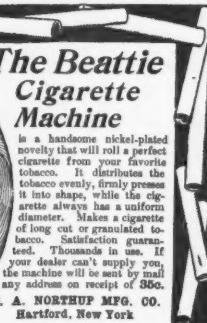
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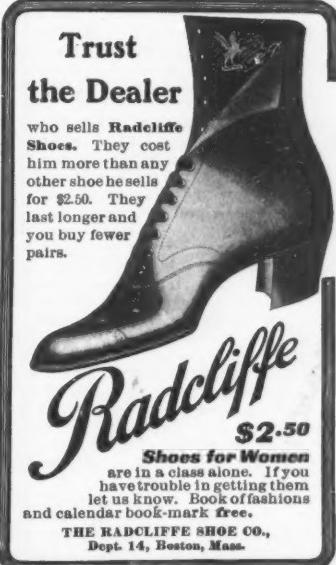
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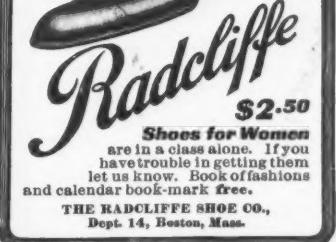
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Social Problems in the Home

FIFTY YEARS AGO the question of a daughter's rights and restrictions was not a vital one. The working woman of the better class was yet unknown. The woman of temperament, of individuality, of character and ability—the outcome of the higher and broader education—was still in embryo. The average age of the marrying girl was eighteen years, against the twenty-six years of to-day. Hence the present problem was simplified by simpler conditions. Girls of that sphere which heeded the conventions did not have arts or professions or ambitions. They did not match shoulders with their brothers and march forth to conquer what they could of the world. Their ambitions dared not soar beyond the roof of the home coop. They dared not weave fancies of a future of woman's work and accomplishment. Their weaving was confined to the spinning-wheel and the darning-needle. When their limited schooling was at an end they were tutored in the delicate arts of fall housecleaning and initiated into the mysterious architecture of pie-building and cake-mounding. They were schooled in all the intricate details of putting beds to air, and to their honor were intrusted the family traditions and recipes for that crowning glory of a woman's life, the making of jam that jelled. Then they were married. They kept house beautifully and had large families; which families now have daughters of their own, with appetites their mothers and grandmothers never had. And out of these new appetites grew the present problem.

Jam and the Evolution of Woman

Perhaps it was the fault of the jam factories, who put up jam that jelled so well, and put it up so neatly and cheaply, that the home product was outclassed. Perhaps it was the mills that wove better cloth for less money, and reduced the spinning-wheel to a decorative heirloom. Or it may have been foreign labor that relieved us of rough work, at smaller cost than the wearing out of delicate constitutions and high-strung nerves. It is likely, however, that these were secondary causes. The main factor in the evolution of the American woman is the American man. We suspect he got fastidious. The woman who cooked began to pall. There was a need for something beyond material comfort. As the work of his days became more complex and the mental strain increased, the desire for counteracting relaxation increased also. The wife who could serve was not so essential as the wife who could interest. The requirement for a good housekeeper was not so urgent as the requirement for a companion and confidante. The bride of eighteen lost vogue. It was impossible for her to satisfy the new demand. She lacked wisdom and wit and experience and sympathy. Men showed an inclination toward club life, and for a time the marriage-rate became so low that the clergy took up the theme and preached it from the pulpit. Then suddenly the matrimonial market offered something new. It was dubbed The New Woman. Men ogled and shied. They laid too much stress on the bloomers and too little stress on the brains. The type was exaggerated and extreme, as the reaction from the past must naturally have been. Then it adjusted itself. Feminine human nature is a natural-born adapter to circumstances. Discarding the bad and profiting by the good, the New Type of to-day sprang out of those first crude specimens of new womanhood, presenting to modern man the seemingly impossible combination that fulfilled his new ideal.

The new type was necessarily older and more worldly-wise. She was well read, both in printed literature and in the book of life. She studied human conditions and gauged the relative values of the things that are worth while. She lived out in the open, physically, mentally and ethically, until she gained the man's wide viewpoint and left the enforced narrowness of previous feminine generations behind her. To do this she appropriated to her personal development those all-important, character-forming years between eighteen and twenty-five. She refused to be torn up and transplanted in foreign soil at the critical moment when her character was taking root in life's lessons. She became a student of human nature, and applied the deductions which she made, until at last she was able to offer to man a wife who was an equal and an uplift.

Narrow-Minded Parents

Naturally, the creation of the New Type deranged the old curriculum. At least, it should have done so. If women are to fill a wider sphere, their training should be correspondingly widened. Unfortunately, however, there is a large American element descended from sects bound in by creeds and customs, whose narrow traditions may have been fitted to the days of narrower needs. These are wont to say that what was good enough for them, and their parents, and their parents' parents, is good enough for their children. These are the parents into whose homes friction is bound to enter. We can not live in a whirl of progress and stand still.

III.—The Rights and Privileges of a Daughter—What the attitude of Father, Mother and Brother should be toward her

By Lavinia Hart

Probably no science has progressed so rapidly in the last few decades as that of training young minds and shaping youthful character into maturity. This new science has emphasized certain truths which heretofore were not generally recognized. It has impressed upon us that children have rights; that parents, as such, have responsibilities; that children have a higher vocation than "to be seen and not heard"—that they are not goods and chattels or bond-slaves. Above all, it has demonstrated that the rearing of our daughters can not be conducted on the old lines of close confinement and narrow restriction, and that such training does not produce women who fulfil the Twentieth Century standards of womanhood. The girls of to-day have a higher mission in life than to look ornamental. It is not sufficient that they make the best of their charms; they must likewise develop their talents. It will not suffice that they be graceful. They must also be useful. Their aim in life is not merely to be good; they must be good for something. The days of pale-faced, aesthetic, æsthetic womanhood are done. They passed out with the high-heeled boot and the tight-laced waist. Health, vigor, naturalness—these are feminine watchwords of today, and they extend past the physical, to the mental, moral and spiritual broadening of woman.

The broad view, however, can not be acquired in narrow confines. Moral motives can not be grasped by obeying conventional mandates, and the girl who is chaperoned from rising till retiring has no chance to weigh moral niceties.

There is a turnkey type of parent who is at the bottom of many feminine discrepancies. Usually it is the father. That he is addicted to old-school methods is not because he is too narrow to progress. Nor are we prepared to believe that he is getting even for his own rigid upbringing. His ailment is pure physical remorse, brought on by the reaction from his salad days. He has "seen the world." Judging from his memory of it, he looked a good deal longer at the bad than at the good. It does not occur to him that his daughter's eyes might overlook much that he found and find much that he missed. Indeed, he does not suspect that the world may have a different aspect than the one seen from his viewpoint. His daughter is chaperoned and guarded and watched and warned and forbidden, until she becomes a narrowing or a nonentity or a petty deceiver; or else discovers the fallacy of her father's training by the aid of one who seems kingly beside his false representation—and she elopes.

Standards, Not Rules

It is the old story of growing up to people's ideals of us. Let your daughter feel that you have faith in her judgment and discretion, and she will justify your opinion. Hem her in with rigid rules and restrictions, and the implied doubt will make an ugly impression upon her character and shape her conduct accordingly. Do not give her rules and regulations, but standards to live up to. Daughters are not given to us as a care, but as a blessing. They are not sent to us to be disciplined, but to be taught the joys of living. Life will bring to each its own discipline. It needs no artificial aid.

Too often the responsibility of parenthood is construed as criticism and correction. Our chief duty is not so much to correct the faults as it is to instill the virtues. The secret of high living is not, How much evil do we avoid? but, How much good do we find? The secret of successful parenthood is not, How many restrictions can we compel our daughters to live down to? but, How many rights and privileges can we safely trust them to live up to?

There is a difference, in something more than method, between the parent whose duty spells discipline and correction, and the one whose duty spells guidance and confidence. One has failed and the other has won. One has engendered fear; the other has built character. One has turned out a conventionally approved piece of clockwork that may or may not keep time when these hands have ceased to regulate it. The other has constructed a mechanism that is fitted to regulate itself.

Therein is the responsibility of parenthood fulfilled. Girls can not be reared on the restriction plan and progress. Not the things which we do not, but the things which we do, develop our characters. There is little lasting good in obeying rules when the only alternative is punishment; but there is conscious growth in accepting privileges, and proving by our usage of them, that they are ours by right.

The great aim is not to train girls so they will live according to rules, but so they may nobly live without them. For it is impossible to make rules to fit every emergency. The only safe method in a daughter's training is to equip her with the stuff from which to make her own rules, as the occasion presents itself.

From tight rein to free bit is apt to result in broken traces. If our daughters, as such, are not to be trusted

with rights and privileges, how shall they know the way to handle them when they have gone beyond our jurisdiction? If there were more broad-minded parents, there would be fewer frivolous wives. We can not expect our girls to gain the poise, the judgment, the good sense, that come out of knowledge and experience, if these means are denied them.

It would be a blow to the modern man if he could realize how many girls marry for personal freedom. To the average girl marriage means cutting loose from present bondage. It means that she will be mistress in a home, whereas heretofore she has been a dependent; that her opinions will be respected instead of silenced; that her views and wishes will be consulted, and that, in short, she may begin to develop some individuality and live a life fitted to her particular tastes and requirements.

The working woman has done something to ease the problem of the single woman's rights and restrictions. A fair percentage of women who work are impelled by choice rather than necessity. They are too well-balanced to ignore the drawbacks of marriage as a solution of the restriction problem. They are too normal and too just to buy conventional freedom at the price of another's happiness and their own. They therefore select some remunerative occupation which, while it may not be necessary for the earning of their daily bread, helps to give them a certain independent status, and justifies and necessitates the development of individual character, in lieu of that makeshift for personality which is merely the reflection of senior opinions.

Self-Reliance Must Result

Of course, there is possible danger in the independence of the working woman—or of any woman. But if she has shared with her brothers the opportunities for building character, and if she has applied the lessons taught with a view to being self-reliant and accountable for the success or failure of her life, there is no reason to believe that she will be less competent than he to meet and master the dangers.

It is not the pittance which the working woman earns that makes her independent. If the right foundation has been laid and her motives are superior, there is a compensation more worthy and lasting than her wages. She has a chance for growth which is denied her over-guarded sister. She meets men and women under new and various conditions. She gets back to the motives behind the manners. The inevitable effect of a given cause shows more quickly in a life where events move rapidly—and this is one of the rudiments in the lessons of life. The woman who works has a mighty advantage over her sister who does not, if she be shrewd enough to grasp it. She has every advantage for the development of character that her brother has; for it is by usage of our faculties that they grow. The spiritual vitality of the woman who works is not weakened by chaperons or ever-present dictators who spare her the privilege of thinking and judging. Placed upon her own honor and judgment and strength, she contacts with life and, unaided, meets and disposes of each new phase, her nature growing in proportion with the effort demanded of her.

Advice to Brothers

It is the lack of such experience that leaves the character of the ordinary woman an uncertain, undeveloped quantity. We would not have our girls exposed to dangers. We would not have them receive one jot less of loving care and solicitude than is their needful portion. But as the fragile physical beauty has passed for the more healthy, vigorous type, so has the character which is broad and well-poised and reliant come to be our standard. And this standard can not be fulfilled by the old-fashioned conception of a daughter's attitude in the household. Her father must regard her as something more serious than a luxury to be either guarded or spoiled; her mother must deal with her consistently, and regard her as an individual being with thought and reason to be developed, not as a dependant to be alternately nagged and petted; and her brothers must get over the notion that she was put upon earth as a practicing target for the development of their talent to tease or bulldoze or dictate. Probably the last one in the world to take the new type of woman seriously will be her brother. For centuries past he has never taken her seriously—until she got married—and then we suspect he was moved by a spirit of remorse and a sense of loneliness for something to play with. The trouble with the brother is, he has two sets of rules: One for his own sister and one for the other fellow's sister. If he, personally, even tried to live up to one-half the rules he sets for his own sister, it would occupy most of our time giving out good tickets.

"Less criticism and more comradeship" would be a helpful maxim for brothers. Girls might then profit by the man's point of view without going through the struggle to attain it, and their judgment might be balanced by their brothers' opinion of their sex, which they are always willing to give with such outspoken abandon.

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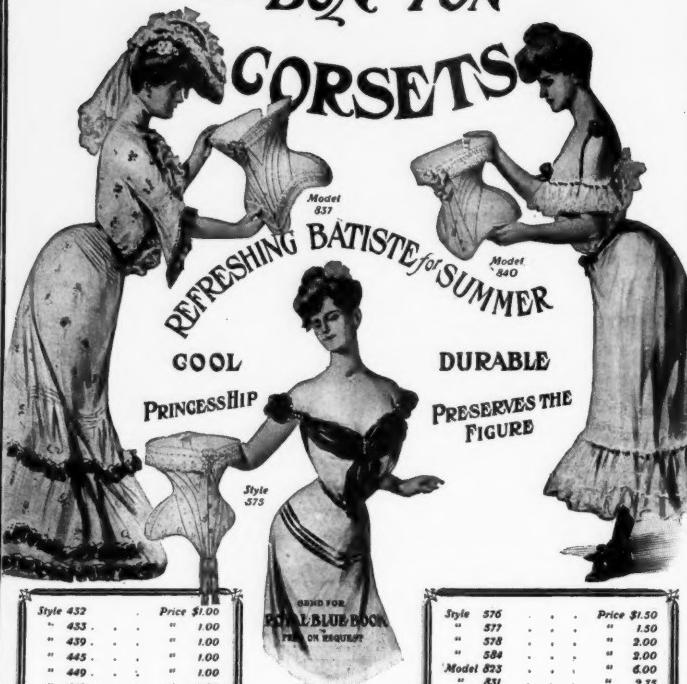
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Author of "A GENTLEMAN OF FRANCE," ETC.

Illustrated by Solomon J. Solomon

SYNOPSIS OF THE PRECEDING CHAPTERS

Claude Mercier, a young Calvinist, comes to Geneva in the year 1602 to pursue his studies. At the house where he takes lodgings lives Basterga, a scientist. This man is the Duke of Savoy's secret agent in a plot for the violent acquisition of Geneva. He tries to corrupt Blondel, the Syndic of the city, by claiming to possess a remedy for the disease with which Blondel believes himself afflicted. The Council of Geneva, having vague apprehensions of the Duke of Savoy's machinations, puts upon the Syndic the duty of watching Basterga. Blondel now makes an attempt to get the coveted medicine by stealth, with the innocent assistance of Claude. They are, however, affrighted by uncanny voices, one of which is that of Anne, the landlady's daughter. She acknowledges to Claude her subjection to Basterga and her liability to the charge of complicity with him in witchcraft. The Syndic then persuades another young student to obtain by stealth the contents of the scientist's strong-box. The youth in turn asks Anne to abstract the "documents." She returns saying that the box contains nothing but a small phial. After severely beating the student for coming back empty-handed, Blondel decides upon making another attempt to secure the remedy.

CHAPTER XIII

A Mystery Solved

WHETHER BASTERGA, discovering that Claude was less pliant than he had expected, shunned occasion of collision with him, or, his hopes rising, he was less prone to fall foul of his companions in general, life for a time after the outbreak at supper ran more quietly in the house in the Corraterie. Claude's gloomy face—he had not forgiven—bade beware of him; and little, save on the subject of Louis' disfigured cheek—of which the most pointed questions could extract no explanation—passed among them at table. But outward peace was preserved and a show of ease. Grio's brutal nature broke out, it is true, once or twice when he had had wine; but, discouraged by Basterga, he quickly subsided. And Louis, starting at a voice and trembling at a knock, with the fear of the Syndic always upon him, showed a nervousness which more than once drew the Italian's eye to him. But on the whole a calm prevailed; a stranger entering at noon, or during the evening meal, might have deemed the party ill-assorted and silent indeed, but lacking neither in amity nor ease.

Meantime, under cover of this calm, destined to be short-lived and bolding, as in suspense, the makings of a storm of no mean violence, two persons were drawing nearer to each other. A confidence, even a confidence not perfect, is a tie above most. Nor does love play at any time a higher part than when it repeats, "I do not understand, I trust." By the common light of day, which showed Anne moving to and fro about her household tasks, at once the minister and the providence of the home, the crude and dark suspicion that had for a moment mastered Claude's judgment lost shape and reality. It was impossible to see her bending over the hearth, or arranging her mother's simple meal, to witness her patience, her industry, her deftness, to behold her ever gentle, yet supporting with a man's fortitude the trials of her position, trials of the bitterness of which she had given him proof once for all—it was impossible, in a word, to watch her in her daily life without perceiving the wickedness as well as the folly of the thought which had possessed him.

True, the more he saw of her the graver seemed the mystery; and the more deeply he wondered. But he no longer feared to come upon the answer to the riddle; nor did he shrink from meeting at some turn or corner the Meggers head that should freeze his soul. Wickedness there might be, cruelty there might be, and shame; but the blood ran too briskly in his veins and he had looked too often into the girl's candid eyes—reading something there which had not been there formerly—to fear to find it at her door.

He had taken to coming to the living-room a little before nightfall, and seating himself beside the hearth while she prepared the evening meal. The glow of the wood-fire, reflected in rows of burnished pewters, or given back by the low night-backed casements, the savor of the coming meal, the bubbling of the black pot between which and the table her nimble feet carried her a dozen times in as many minutes, the pleasant homely room with its touches of refinement and its winter comfort—these were excuses enough had he not brought the book which lay unheeded on his knee.

But in truth no pretext was needed. With scarce a word, an understanding had grown up between them since that morning that not a million words could have made more clear. Each played the appropriated part. He looked, and she bore the look; and if she blushed the fire was warrant, and if he stared, it was the blind man's hour between day and night, and why should he not sit idle as well as another? Soon there was not a turn of her head or a line of her slender figure that he did not know; not a trick of her walk, not a pose of her foot as she waited for a pot to boil that he could not see in the dark; not a gleam from her hair as she stooped to the blaze nor a turn of her hand as she shielded her face that was not as familiar as if he had known her from childhood.

In these hours she let the mask fall. The dull apathy, which had been the least natural as it had been the most common garb of her young face, which had grown to be the cover and veil of her feelings, dropped from her, and, seated in the shadow, while she moved busily, now in the glow of the burning embers, now obscured, he saw her heart, read

her mind without disguise—saw in one dark nook—watched unbuked the eye fall and the lip tremble, or in rarer moments the shy smile dimple the corner of her cheek. Not seldom she stood profoundly sad; sad without disguise, her bowed head and drooping shoulders bearing witness to gloomy thoughts that strayed, he fancied, far from her work or her companions. And sometimes a tear fell and she wiped it away, making no attempt to hide it; and sometimes she would shiver and sigh as if in pain or fear.

At these times he longed for Basterga's throat; and the blood of old Eugerande de Beauvais, his maternal ancestor, dust these four hundred years at "Damietta of the South" raced in him, and he choked with rage and grief, and for the time could scarcely see. Yet, with this pulse of wrath were mingled delicious thrills. The tear which she did not hide from him was his gage of love. The brooding eye, the infrequent smile, the start, the reverie, were for him only, and for no other. They were the gift to him of her secret life.

It was an odd love-making, and bizarre. To Grio, even to men more delicate and more finely wrought, it might have seemed no love-making at all. But the wood-smoke that perfumed the air sweetened it, the firelight wrapped it about, the pots and pans and simple things of life, amid which it passed, hallowed it. His eyes, attending her hither and thither without reserve, without concealment, unabashed, laid his heart at her feet, not once, but a hundred times in the evening; and as often, her endurance of the look, more rarely her sudden blush or smile, accepted the offering.

And scarce a word said: for though they had the room to themselves, they knew that they were never alone or unheeded. Basterga, indeed, sat above stairs and only descended to his meals; and Grio also, when he was not at the tavern. But Louis sulked in his closet beside them, divided from them only by a door, whence he might emerge at any minute. As a fact he would have emerged many times, but for two things. The first was his marked face, which he was chary of showing; the second the notion he had got that the balance of things in the house was changing, and the reign of petty bullying, in which he had so much delighted, approaching its end. With Basterga exposed to arrest, and the girl's help of value to the authorities, it needed little acumen to discern this. He still feared Basterga; nay, lived in such terror, lest the part he had played

in. For the first time they were really alone; but the fact did not at once loosen Claude's tongue, and if the girl noticed it, or expected ought to come of it, more than had come of their companionship on other evenings, she hid her feelings with a woman's ease. He remarked, however, that she was more thoughtful and downcast than usual that night, and several times he saw her break off in the middle of a task and listen nervously for something. Presently—

"Are you listening for Louis?" he asked.
She turned sharply; her eyes were less kind than usual.
"No," she said, almost defiantly. "Was I listening?"

"I thought so," he said.
She turned from him and went on with her work. But by and by, as she stooped over the fire, a tear fell and pattered audibly in the wood-ash; and another. With an impatient gesture she wiped away a third. He saw—she made scarce an attempt to hide them—and he bit his lip and drove his finger-ends into his palms in the effort to be silent. Presently he had his reward.

"I am sorry," she said in a low tone. "I was listening, and I knew I was. I do not know—why I tried to deceive you."

"If you would tell me all!" he cried.
"I can not!" she exclaimed, her breast heaving passionately. "I can not!" And for the first time she broke down completely, and, sinking on to a bench with her back to the table, she sobbed bitterly, rocking herself to and fro in a paroxysm of trouble.

He had risen and stood regarding her awkwardly, longing to comfort her, but ignorant how to go about it, and feeling acutely his helplessness and gaucherie. Sad she had been; at her best, despondent, with gleams of cheerfulness as fitful as brief. But this evening the abandon of her grief convinced him that something more than ordinary was amiss, that some danger more serious than ordinary threatened. He felt no surprise when, abruptly arresting her sobbing, she raised her head and, with suspended breath and tear-stained face, listened with that scared intentness which had impressed him before.

She feared! He could not be mistaken. Fear looked out of her strained eyes and hung breathless on her parted lips. He was sure of it; and he cried, "Is it Basterga? Is it of him you are afraid? If you are—"

"Hush!" she exclaimed, raising her hand in warning.
"Hush!" And then, "You did not hear anything?"
For an instant her eyes met his.

"No." He looked her look, puzzled; and, obeying her gesture, listened afresh. "No, I did not. But—"

He heard nothing even now, nothing; but it was clear, whatever it was sharpened her hearing to an abnormal pitch, that she did. For she was up, on the instant, and with a startled cry was round the table and half-way across the room, while he stared, the word suspended on his lips. A second, and her hand was on the latch of the staircase door. As she opened it, he sprang forward, to accompany and help her, to protect her if necessary. "I will come!" he said. "Let me help you. Whatever it is, I can—"

She turned on him fiercely:—"Go back!" she cried. All the confidence, the gentleness, the docility of the last three days were gone, and in their place suspicion and enmity glared at him from eyes grown spiteful as cat's. "Go back!" she repeated. "I do not want you! I do not want any one, or any help! Or any protection! Go, do you hear, and let me be! Or—"

She broke off. An odd, shrill sound from above, a sound which this time, the door being open, did reach his ears, seemed to freeze the words on her lips. It was a voice, yet no common voice, Heaven be thanked. A moment she confronted him, even then her face one mute, despairing denial; then she slammed the door in his teeth, and he heard her panting breath and fleeing footsteps speed up the stairs and along the passage, and—more faintly now—heard them ascend the upper flight. Then—silence.

But he had heard enough. He paused a moment irresolute, his hand raised to the latch. Then the hand fell by his side; he turned, and went softly—softly back to the hearth. The firelight playing on his face showed it extraordinarily moved; moved and softened almost to the semblance of a woman's. For there were tears in his eyes—eyes singularly bright; and his features worked, as if he had some ado to repress a sob. In truth he had. In a breath, in the time it takes to utter a single sound, he had hit on the secret, he had come to the bottom of the mystery, he had learned that which Basterga, favored by the position of his room on the upper floor, had learned two months before, that which Grio might have learned, had he been anything but the dull gross toper he was! He had learned—or in a moment of intuition guessed—all. The power of Basterga, that power over the girl which had so much puzzled and perplexed him, was his also now, to use or misuse, hold or resign.

Yet his first feeling was not one of joy; nor, for that matter, his second. The impression went deeper to the heart of the man. An infinite tenderness, a tenderness which swelled his breast to bursting, and a yearning that, youth as he was, stopped little short of tears—these were his, these it thrilled his soul to the point of pain. The room in which he stood, homely as it showed, plain as it was, seemed glorified, the hearth transfigured. He could have knelt and kissed the floor which the girl had trodden, coming and going, serving and making ready under that burden; the burden that dignified and hallowed the bearer. What had it not cost her, what had it not meant to her, what suspense by day, what terror of nights, what haggard awakenings—such as that of which he had been the ignorant witness—what watches above, what slights and insults below! Was it a marvel that the cheeks had lost their color, the eyes their light, the whole face its life and meaning? Nay, the wonder was that she had borne the weight so long, always



She turned on him fiercely:—"Go back!" she cried



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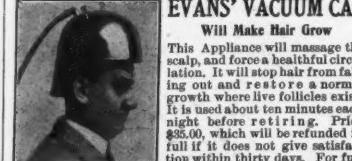
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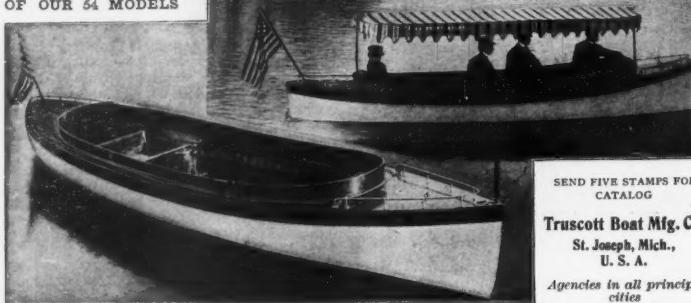
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expecting, always dreading, stabbed in the tenderest affection; with for confidante an enemy, and for stay an ignorant! Viewed through the medium of the man's love which can so easily idealize where it rests, the daughter's love, that must have touched and softened the hardest—or so, but for the case of Basterga, one would have judged—seemed so holy and beautiful and pure a thing that the young man felt that having known it he must be the better for it all his life.

And then his mind turned to another aspect of the thing, and he recalled what had passed above stairs on that day when he had entered a stranger, and gone up. With what a smiling face of love she had leaned over her mother's bed. With what cheerfulness had she lied of that which passed below, what a countenance had she put on all—no house more prosperous, no life more gay—how bravely had she carried it! The peace and the neatness and the comfort of the room, and its spinning wheel and linen chest and blooming bow-pot, came back to him; and he understood many things which had passed before him then, and then had roused but a passing and trifling wonder.

Her anxiety lest he should take lodgings there and add one more to the chances of espial, one more to the witnesses of her misery; her secret nods and looks, and that gently checked outburst of excitement on Madame Royaume's part, which even at the time had seemed odd—all were plain now. Ay, plain; but suffused with a light so beautiful, set in an atmosphere so pure and high, that no view of God's earth, even from the eyry of those lofty windows, and though dawn or sunset flung its fairest glamour over the scene, could so fill the heart of man with gratitude and admiration and praise!

Up and down in the days gone by, his thoughts followed her through the house. Now he saw her ascend and enter, and, finding all well, mask—but at what a cost—her aching heart under smiles and cheerful looks and soft laughter. He heard the voice that was so seldom heard downstairs murmur loving words, and little jests, and dear foolish trifles; heard it for the hundredth time reiterate the false assurances that affection hallowed. He was witness to the patient tenderness, the pious offices, the tireless service of hand and eye, that went on in that room under the tiles; witness to the long communion hand in hand, with the world shut out, to the anxious scrutiny, to the daily departure. A departure, though daily and more than daily taken; for she who descended carried a weight of fear and anxiety. As she descended the weary stairs, stage by stage, he saw the brightness die from eye and lip, and pale fear or dull despair seize on its place. He saw—and his heart was full—the slender figure, the pallid face enter the room in which he stood—it might be at the dawning when the cold shadow of the night still lay on all, from the dead ashes on the hearth to the fallen pot and displaced bench, or it might be at mid-day, to meet sneers and taunts and ignoble looks—and his heart was full. His face burned, his eyes filled, he could have kissed the floor she had walked over—done any foolish thing to prove his love.

Love? It was a deeper thing than love, a holier, purer thing. Such a feeling as the rough spearmen of the Orleanois had for Joan the maid; or the great Florentine for the girl whom he saw for the first time at the banquet at the house of the Portinari; or as that man who carried to his grave the Queen's glove yet had never touched it with his bare hand.

Alas, that such feelings can not last, nor such moments endure; that in the footsteps of the priest, he who never so holy, treads ever the grinning acolyte with his mind on sweet things. They pass, these feelings, and too quickly. But once to have had them, once to have lived such moments, once to have known a woman and loved her in such wise, leaves no man as he was before; leaves him, at the least, with a memory of higher life.

That the acolyte in Claude's case took the form of Louis Gentilis made him no more welcome. Claude was still dreaming on his feet, still viewing in a kind of happy amaze the simple things about him, things that for him were

"The light that never was on land or sea," and that this world puts on but once for each of us, when Gentilis opened the door and entered hurriedly, bringing with him a rush of rain and a gust of night air. He breathed quickly as if he had been running, yet, having closed the door, he paused before advancing into the room and seemed at a nonplus. After a moment, "Supper is not ready," he said.

"It is not time," Claude answered curtly. The vision of an angel does not necessarily purify at all points, and he had small stomach for Master Louis at any time.

The youth flinched under the tone, but stod his ground. "Where is Anne?" he asked, something sullenly.

"Upstairs. Why do you ask?"

"Messer Basterga is not coming to supper. Nor Grio. They bade me tell her. And that they would be late."

"Very well, I will tell her."

But it was evident that that was not all Louis had in his mind, for he remained fidgeting by the door, his cap in his hand; and his face, had Claude marked it—but he had already turned a contemptuous shoulder to him—was a picture of doubt and indecision. At length, "I've a message for you," he muttered nervously. "From Messer Blondel the Syndic. He wants to see you now."

Claude turned, and if he had not looked at the other before, he made up for it now. "Oh," he said at last, after a stare that bespoke both surprise and suspicion. "He does, does he? Who and made you his messenger?"

"He met me in the street—just now."

"He knows you, then?"

"He knows I live here," Louis muttered.

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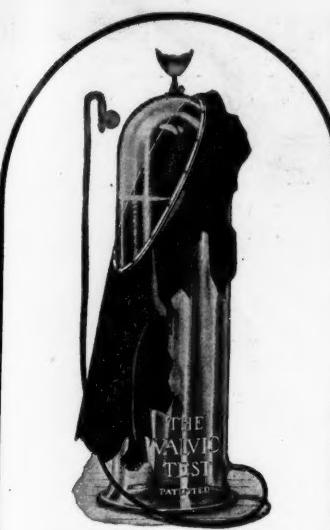
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Claude replied with polite irony. "Nevertheless"—he turned again to the fire—"I can not please him," he continued grimly, "this time."

"But he wants to see you," Gentilis persisted desperately. It was plain that he was on pins and needles. "At his house. Can not you believe me? It is all fair and above board. I swear it is."

"Is it?"
"It is, I swear it is. He sent me. Do you doubt me?" he added with undisguised eagerness.

Claude was about to say, with no politeness at all, that he did, and to repeat his refusal in stronger terms, when his ear caught the same sound which had revealed so much to him a little while before, when he stood at the foot of the stairs. It came more faintly this time, deadened by the closed door of the staircase, but to his enlightened sense it proclaimed so clearly what it was—a cracked shrill voice, a laugh horribly uncanny and elish—that he trembled lest Louis should hear it also and gain the clew. That was a thing to be avoided; and even as this occurred to him he saw the way to avoid it. Basterga and Grio were absent: if this fool could be removed also, even for an hour or two, Anne would have the house to herself, and by midnight the crisis might be overpast.

"I will come with you," he said.

Louis uttered a sigh of relief. He had expected—and he had very nearly received—another answer. "Good," he said. "But he does not want me."

"Both or neither," Claude answered coolly.

"For all I know 'tis an ambush."

"No, no!"
"In which event I shall see that you share it. Or it may be a scheme to draw me from here, and then if harm be done while I am away—"

"Harm? What harm?"

"Any harm! If harm be done, I say, I shall then have you at hand to pay me for it. So—both or neither!"

For a moment Louis' hang-dog face—none the handsomer for the mark of the Syndic's cane—spelled refusal. Then he changed his mind. He nodded sulkily. "Very well," he said. "But it is raining, and I have no great wish to—what is that? Did you not hear something—like a scream upstairs?"

"I hear something like a fool downstairs! If we are to go, let us go!" Claude cried with temper. "Come, if you want me to go! It is not my expedition," he continued talking angrily, and moving noisily hither and thither in the search for his staff and cloak. "It is your affair, and—where is my cap?"

"I should think it is in your room," Louis answered meekly. "It was only that I thought it might be Anne. That there might be—"

"Two fools in the house instead of one!" Claude broke in, emerging noisily, and slamming the door of his closet. "There, come, and we may hope to be back to supper some time to-night! Do you hear?" And jealously shepherding the other before him out of the house, he withdrew the key, when both had passed the threshold, and, locking the door on the outside, thrust the key under it. "Now," he said, smiling at his cleverness, "who enters—knocks!"

(To be continued)

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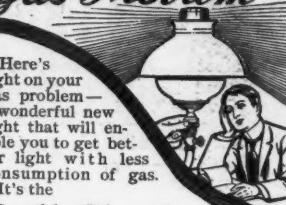


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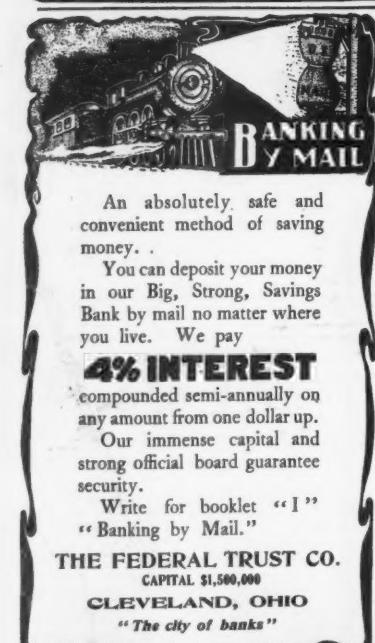
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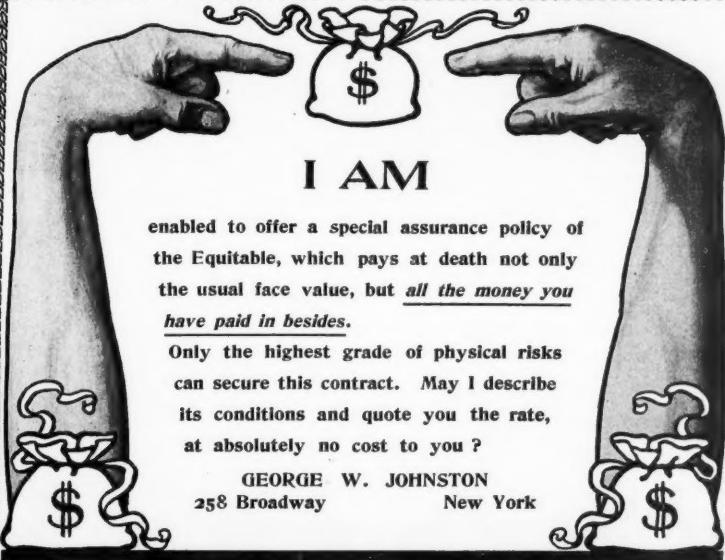
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